



FRONTISPIECE TO STERNS WITTICISMS.



O. Neale inv. et delin.

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Y O R I C K ' s

MEMORANDUM BOOK.

YORICK. (says the scandalous chronicle) had a near relation who had an intrigue with the wife of his friend, they lived for several years with great harmony in the same house, the husband either not suspecting, or not seeming to suspect the intrigue, various were peoples opinions concerning them, that several called him the contented cuckold.—A fresh looking country girl the lady hired as chambermaid interrupted their happiness, and occasioned the following lines to be inserted in a news paper.

Molly he loves, but jealous Sarah growls,
'Tis hard for one to please two amorous souls.
Oh! Sarah learn to look and not to see,
Thy husband long has known this mystery.

The paper which next attracted my attention was considerably torn, but contained notwithstanding the following very interesting particulars.

Beyond or love, or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself I prize my native land.

Then followed.

Accounts to fettle,
Anecdotes to pick up,
Inscriptions to make out,
Stories to weave in,
Personages to call upon,
Panegyricks to paste up at this door,
Witticisms, &c.

Written on the back of the above.

(To change or not to change that's the question !
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to wait,
Till all his needy friends come into play,
Or to take arms against the treasury bench,
And by opposing end them ?
To change !—aye there's the rub—

On the next slip.

Tho' my Delia is brown, and my Daphne is fair;
Yet my Chloe, sweet girl, has got carrotty hair,
Ah Delia and Daphne in vain ye'd compare,
With my Chloe, sweet girl, who has carrotty hair.

Yorick had a great esteem for an ancient family in Yorkshire of real worth; the estate was entailed on the mail heirs only, the possessor of it forty years ago was Yorick's valuable friend, he died before he reached his thirtieth year. A distant relation, a gentleman of the quill who was diametrically opposite to the late worthy possessor became master of it.—He went into a great inn at
a town

a town about two miles from his estate—(Yorick was there, from him I received the following dialogue) fellow, drawer; bid your scoundrel of a master bring me a bottle of red claret-wine, and tell that puppy of a barber to bring my cork-icrew wig.—However by private masters, and keeping genteel company he was in appearance more the gentleman, but the brute still remained, there is no washing the blackamoor white, is an old proverb.

Yorick one day went into a coffee-house, the squire was there, his pointer at his feet, who began to growl, which much disturbed the company, who demanded the reason—my dog gentlemen never behaves ill but when there is a parson present, those he always hates; how long has he done so, says the company—ever since he was a puppy replies *Yorick*. Upon which the squire, who perhaps had never before known what it was to blush, found his face was crimsoned over, and so left the company.

Yorick was the parson's name, and what is very remarkable in it (as appears by a memorandum in his pocket book) on the fifth day of November 1718, was brought forth into this scurvy and disastrous world of ours.—I wish I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets (except jupiter or saturn, because I never could bear cold weather)

Happy! thrice happy times! I only wish that æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered, or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for some twenty or five and

twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance——

Yorick giving alms at Montreal

“When all is ready,” says Yorick, “and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound with at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you.” Let no man say, “let them go to the Devil”—“’tis a cruel journey to send a few miserable, and they have had sufferings enough without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise; he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be registered elsewhere.

“For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

“A well-a-way! said I. I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for ’em.

“A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a qualifying bow on his part. I give place to females.

“Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which
are

are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this ?

“ I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

“ A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him : it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined—The poor little fellow pressed it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—Take a pinch, take a pinch, said he, looking another way ; so they each took a pinch—Pity thy box should ever want one ! said I to myself ; so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first—’twas doing him an honour—the other only was doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

“ Here ! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaigned and wore out to death in the service—here’s a couple of sous for thee—live King said the old soldier.

“ I had then but three sous left : so I gave one, simply for the love of God—which was the footing on which they begged—The poor woman had a dislocated hip ; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

“ My dear thrice charitable Sir, my English Lord,—There’s no opposing this, said I.

“ The very sound was worth the money—so I gave my last sous for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlooked a poor chevalier, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed,

would have perished, ere he could have asked one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face, which I thought had seen better days—Good God! said I—and I have not one single sous left to give him——But have you a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think, how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

“I could afford nothing for the rest but God bless you, may God bless you—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The poor chevalier, could say nothing—he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.”

A gentleman having purchased some land belonging to a certain township in Ireland, attempted to make some improvements on them by way of inclosures, &c. but as the measure was unpopular among the leavellers of that country, they, without leave or ceremony, took the liberty of demolishing his fences, whereupon he inserted in the public Irish papers, the following droll whimsical, and very humorous advertisement.

Whereas I Col. Thomas Crow have been truly informed, that several atrocious, audacious, nefarious, pestiferous, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbing, immature peach-stealing, poaching rascals, all the spawn of thieves, and cubs of hell, do frequently, villainously, and
burglari-

burglariously assemble themselves in my boats in the river Tullymore, therein boating, piping, plunging, fighting, cursing, swearing, sabboth breaking, whoremongering, and duckhunting, with many other shameless enormities and illicit acts, that the modesty of my pen cannot express. This is therefore to give you all notice, reptiles, scounderals, Raggamuffins, poltroons, whoremongers, adulterers, lank-jaw'd herring-gutted plebeians, that if you, or any of you, dare set foot in boats, or any part of my property, I will send my myrmidons like tritons, who shall assail you in the deep, and plunge you in the great abyfs called Aull's-hole. Then will I consign you to Charon, who shall ferry you over the river Styx, and deliver you to the arch devil Lucifer, at the place of his infernal chaldron, there to be boiled in the fat bitumen of Vesuvius, to be drudged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and to be roasted eternally before the ever burning embers of Ætna.

Hark ye! hark ye! hear ye! Darrians, Delicarians, Capercurians, and Tully-monians, base-born scoundrells of whatsoever nation ye be, return me my bogsticks, or by the gods, the immortal gods, I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon for blood-hounds, fiercer than Tigers, with these, mounted on my famous horse Rattail, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Assia, Africa, and America, until I center you in my new found land, where the devil himself shall not find you, then will I mount my Jazebo, and in the height of my wrath, to the Gods will I declare what rascals ye have been.

A certain Northamptonshire preacher, remarkable almost as Shakespare for the powers of *imagination*, in a late sermon in this city, actually made the following remark: "Paul, before his conversion, was so notoriously *wicked*, that the Devil esteemed him one of his best subjects; but on his sudden *conversion* to *Christianity*, the Devil went with the news *piping hot* to *Hell*; and the infernal mansions were no doubt hung in black for a month, for the loss of so useful a man."

The following was written by the celebrated STERNE, upon a Mr. LUMLEE of Gisborough in Yorkshire, (at his own request) a remarkable Toper.—It was taken from a manuscript copy in the Author's own hand writing, though it is certainly inferior to the general style of that inimitable writer; yet it must be allowed to carry with it some *point*, and pleasantry.

E. P I T A P H.

At length, tho' much against his mind,
 Poor LUMLEE, drunk, quite out of wind,
 Lies here extended on his breech,
 Dead, or dead drunk, no matter which!
 A Bachanalian true and stout,
 As ever push'd the glass about;
 Whither he's gone, I cannot tell;
 But if he is sober he's in Hell;
 Or, if to Heav'n by chance, pray God!
 The sinner like his new abode;
 And much I fear he's not content,
 Nor takes the thing as it is meant!
 For SOLID JOYS must be insipid,
 To one, who thirsts for naught but LIQUID!
 There

There is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment for the public, as to order things so badly, as to let your Criticks and gentry of refined taste run it down. Nor is there any thing so likely to make you do it, as that of leaving them out of the party. So gentlemen and others make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without ceremony, and fall to reading and laughing for the entertainment of yourselves and guests.

It happened, in the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, that a nobleman came to him to sit for his picture, who was uncommonly ugly and deformed. It was executed, after the necessary sittings, with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The Peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never once thought of sending for a reflector, that could only insult him with his infirmities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last, hit upon an expedient, which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. It was couched in the following card:

' Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——
' finding that he does not mean to have the pic-
' ture which was drawn for him, he is informed
' again of Mr. H's necessity for the money:
' If therefore his Lordship does not send for it in
' three days, it will be disposed of, with the ad-
' dition

dition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H—— having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal."

This intimation had the desired effect. The picture was sent for home, and committed to the flames.

The following ludicrous scene happened a few nights since in a family of some note in this City. Mr. —— coming home a little mellow, had a mind for a frolic. Having undressed himself, he whitened his face with flour; and putting a sheet round him, marched with a taper in his hand (by way of personating an apparition) into a room where two maid servants slept. The girls were doubtless much terrified. Tell me, said he, in a melancholly tone of voice, the last sin you committed, or I'll deliver you a death warrant. Keep your distance, good M. Spirit, says the youngest, and I'll confess—I let Mr. —— into my mistress's bed-chamber last night—and two hours after, I let him out of the house, exclaimed the other. The apparition vanished, and it is imagined perfectly sobered, having got a cooler he little dreamt of. It is said a lawyer has been consulted on the occasion; but has given an opinion, that an action for *Crim Con.* will not lie on the evidence.

The late Earl of Chesterfield was once told, that two or three of his Lordship's servants were papists, and that in particular his carriage was often seen at the door of a chapel, where people of that persuasion often resorted—Sir says the Earl

Earl to the informer, I cannot think my Coachman will ever be mad enough to attempt the conversion of my horses ; and as far as concerns myself—You may be sure he never shall drive me to a papist chapel.

When the late Alderman T —— enjoyed himself at his country house on the Forest, known by the name of the naked beauty at Woodford, his fancy led him to keep hogs. One day, being at a friend's house close by, he desired the servants might be ordered to save all the potliquor and grease for his hogs, which being spread abroad by the servants, and other people in the neighbourhood, they thought fit to call him ever after by the name of Alderman Hogwash.

Lady W —— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburgh, a young gentleman the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room to learn who he was ; Lady W —— instantly made answer loud enough to be heard, " Oh ! don't you know him ? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not lettered."

In the neighbourhood of Yorkshire lives a *Baronet* who makes me laugh much ; he is a man of sense and knows the world, but the greatest oddity in nature ; he in general wears a common Kersey coat and waistcoat, yarn stockings, leather breeches,

breeches, straw boots, a wig made of his Welsh pony's main, a hunting leather cap, a belt with swivels, and dog couples hanging by his side; when not a hunting he is mounted on the above Welsh pony; hunting is his predominant passion; dogs, herds, and every thing else that appertains to that are his chief delight: his stables he prefers to the king's palace, and little Tom, the whipper in to his fox-hounds, he looks upon as a more valuable acquisition to him, than a ducal coronet. Tom won his heart by the following circumstance: one day the Baronet in eager pursuit of the chase, leaping a hedge, was flung from his horse into a ditch, so deep he could not get out without help. Tom passing by he called him to help him out. No, no, master, trust Tom for that, he'll do his duty; but you hired him for a whipper in, and not whipper out. He never goes to church, but is angry if any of his family are absent from it on days of devotion, saying, if I have a mind to go to the devil that is my own affair, one in a family is enough; and declares he has ordered in his will when he dies, that his huntsman and Tom, after he is interred, should give a tally ho, tally ho, over his grave.

Notwithstanding these oddities, he is a good husband, a tender father, kind master, indulgent landlord, a friend to the really distressed; so that I apprehend when he dies, the tears of the poor will embalm him, and the friends of benevolence in the poetic style [bid the green turf lie light upon his head].

The following Extraordinary Notice appeared in the Oxford Journal.

I George Ridler near Stroud in the county of
Gloster

Gloster broadweaver at the desier of peepel here-
about do give nautis that I have inockilated these
too seazons past between 2 and 300 for the smale
pox and but too or three of them died — A mainy
peeple be a feard of the thing but evaith it is no
more than scrattin a bit of a haul in theier yarm and
pushin in a peece of skraped rag dipt in sum of
the pock matter of a child under the distemper—
that every body in the nashion may be sarved I
will God willin undertake to inockillat them with
the previzer they will take too purges before
hand and loose a little blud away, for half a
crown a head ; and I will be bould to say noo body
goes beyond me.

N. B. Poor volk at a shilling a head but all must
pay for the Purgin.

THE DUSTMAN'S CAUTION.

*To the Inhabitants of St. James's Clarckenwell Christ-
mas 1781.*

This is to desire you not to give the christmas
boz to any other men, or quarterage to no other
men, but such as shall bring their master's name
upon the bell, for they will come and ask for it,
and pretend the bell is gone another way ; be-
ware of them, for they are counterfiets. There
will be four men come, John Wood, John Taylor,
John Small, and George Newby, the master's
name Benjamin Risdale.

Wanted on or before the end of the present
year, a second orator, who understands *Jesuits*
ogic, has a great *volubility of tongue*, and must hold

up his hand at the word of command. Any answering this description may hear of encouragement, by applying from ten to twelve, at the sign of the *Plotters, opposite the Crown, Magpy-alley.*

Edward Capel Esq; late inspector of the plays, for some time past never went out of doors but twice in a year. On the 10th of May he got into his post-chaise, and drove to Hastings in Suffex; and on the 20th of September he drove from his house at Hastings in Suffex to his chambers in Brick-court in the Temple. The same gentleman transcribed the works of Shakespeare ten times with his own hand.

When Mr. Rigby heard that Col. Holroyd was created Lord *Sheffie'd*, he waited on his Majesty, in high dudgeon, observing, that his great and meritorious services deserved to be rewarded with a peerage, as well as Lord Sheffield.—“Well, well, Rigby, you shall have a peerage whenever you please; but pray what title have you fixed upon?” “please your Majesty, I think I shall take my title from my estate at Mistle. —“No, no, Rigby, Lord Mistle does not sound well at all: as I have lately created Holroyd Lord *Sheffield*, I shall command a peerage speedily to be made out for you by the title of *Lord Birmingham* —Ha! ha! ha!” — which royal witticism so disconcerted Dick, that he instantly dropped the subject; and his Majesty relates the joke to every one at court.

When Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants
of

of the navy. His lordship once remarking at his table, that purfers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty, a son of the church who was present, opposed the doctrine—"What!" cries his Lordship, "cannot ye watch as well as me."

Two exceeding black-men from the North are moving Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but chiefly the latter, where their interest lies, to protect the *Black man* from the South, from the due reward of a traitor, and the accumulated guilt of public robbery, rebellion, and murder.

Mr. Foote and Mr. Garrick were once at variance about their respective abilities, and, what was surprizing, Garrick allowed Foote to be the better player, but he thought himself the better author and poet. With regard to comedy, the literati always gave Mr. Foote the preference, he never attempting tragedy. Mr. Garrick was perhaps, the best tragic performer that the stage ever produced; but as to a wit, a poet, and an author, nobody could ever make a comparison. The dispute, however, between these two geniusses rose so high, and Garrick was so piqued, that he sent for 500l. which he had lent Foote on security, and demanded instant payment. It was fortunately then in Foote's power to pay it, and he returned the 500l. by his treasurer, with interest; but to be even with David, Sam instantly wrote the following lines, which he sent tucked in with the bank notes.

In every house where Garrick sleeps,
 He leaves a doggrel rhyme;
 The snail thus o'er the mansion creeps,
 And leaves his sordid slime.

On account of this Aristophanic, Garrick and Foote were two years at variance.

The following very elegant compliment was paid by the late Mr. Rich to Mr. Garrick;—Mr. Garrick was then a performer, not a manager, and he brought crowded audiences to Drury-lane, while Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent-garden to empty benches. The two gentlemen met one day at Button's coffee-house; after mutual salutations, Mr. Garrick asked him what success he had at his house?—“Why, Mister—so so, Mister—you bring all the money, Mister—damn me if I know what is come over the public!” “upon my word,” replies Mr. Garrick, “I'm sorry to hear of your bad success; but your house is larger than Drury-lane. Pray how much does it hold, when quite full?” “why Mister,” replies Rich, I cannot tell, *but if you will play there for one night, I shall be able to inform you.*”

A letter written by the late Mr. Garrick to his prompter, Hopkins, it seems Hopkins had interested himself in favour of a man who was a machinist, and who was employed by Mr. Garrick to prepare the scenery for a new pantomime, after the man had exhibited his performance at a rehearsal one morning Mr. Garrick went home in disgust and desired Hopkins to discharge him,
 Hopkins

Hopkins wrote a long letter to Mr. Garrick in his favour, and this occasioned the following answer.

Southampton-street, Thursday morning, "I tell you, Hopkins, the man will never answer the purpose of the theatre, in the first place, he cannot make a moon, I would not give him threepence a dozen for such moons as he shewed me this day; his sun's are, if possible worse; besides, I gave him directions about the clouds, and such d — n'd clouds were never seen since the flood. Desire the carpenter to knock the rainbow to pieces, it's execrable; his stars were the only things tolerable: I make no doubt of his honesty, but, till he can make a good sun, moon, and rainbow, I must dispense of his future services."

D. G.

Torricks, being attended by a physician, complained, that, notwithstanding the great quantity of medicines he had taken, his disease grew rather worse; on which the Doctor proposed calling in the assistance of another physician; but to this the patient objected, alledging, that if he grew worse under the care of one doctor, he must be effectually undone by two. He yielded, however, to the entreaties of his friends, and a second physician was called, to whom he addressed himself in the following manner: "Sir, while I had only my disease and one doctor to struggle with, I had some hopes, but now I know I must die; I am, however, determined not to die in your debt;" on which he put a slip of paper, carefully wrapt up, into the doctor's hand; this the son of Galen took for a bank bill, and put it in his

pocket. Curiosity soon after prompting him to examine the value of his fee, to his great surprise, and still greater mortification, instead of a ten pound bank bill, he found the following lines.

Like a prompt sculler one physician plies,
And all his art and his genius tries;
But two physicians like a pair of oars,
Conduct you sooner to the Stygian shore.

A gentleman had four sons; he made one of them a doctor, another a surgeon, a third an apothecary, and the fourth an undertaker. The father foresaw what would happen; they played into each other's hand, and in a few years they all got fortunes.

Yorick and a lady conversing about religious things, the lady asked why there was no marriages in heaven, the divine answered because there is no women: she quick returned the jest. Women there is, but I fear they cannot find a priest.

Dr. Graham must be allowed to speak truth, when he asserts his *Electrical apparatus* to be the finest that ever was in the world. *Though a professed Electrical Operator*, yet he declares that he greatly disapproves in general of *Electrical Strokes*, which often do much mischief to the nervous system, and seldom any good; yet, says the doctor, medical gentlemen are very fond of *Electric Shocks*, as they find their account in giving them. At the same time he called heaven to bear witness to his own honest views; which would not permit *him* to trifle with constitutions of mankind
for

for any mercenary consideration. The doctor observed, much service might be rendered the sick by impregnating the system with *electric fire*, but that this noble remedy should be applied in the gentlest manner possible, in which case he had often known it to be of infinite use in the cure of several diseases. After this serious discourse, *the Dr. mounted his hobby* and began to descant on *the present puny race*, whose progeny he thinks might be improved by electric and other means which the doctor has in contemplation for the advantage of the human species. *The Electric fire*, he observed, gave force to the circulation, and *plentitude* to the vessels, supplying the deficiencies in all the various secretions of the body, which doctrine seemed to apply very forcibly to the doctor's intended operations *at the temple of Hymen Pall-Mall*, *The Doctor* and *Tristram Shandy* seem to agree in this point, that *no* interruption should be given to *Electric Shocks* to nature during her important operations of any kind, it being much easier to interrupt than assist her; and he observed, that there was no possibility of reflecting on the present race of nervous hypochondriac, degenerate mortals, without attributing their infirmities to the debilitated state and want of a sufficient quantity of the electric fire in the constitutions of their parents. The doctor flattered himself with being able to supply these defects hereafter, and raise heroes to recruit our armies; and if he did not succeed, he should retire again to obscurity, and reflect with satisfaction on the schemes his benevolence had planned for the health, happiness, and welfare, of the community. The doctor gave his sentiments, as to improper choice of complexions.

He

He would not have two *very fair* people come together in matrimony, as their children would be afflicted with *blear eyes* and *scrophula*, and that *very brown* people's progeny would be effected with diseases of another case. He recommended to the ladies cold water and a clean towel, as the best and only *cosmetic*.

As many persons have expressed a wish to know in what respect the celestial beds differ from all others, we are desired by a correspondent to assure the public, that what is called the *sacking* of other beds, is here composed of *India rubbers*, whose elasticity is most astonishing, and causes a motion progressive and retrograde. These sort of beds are well contrived for ships, as they will occasionally be contained in a very small compass, and are therefore very portable and convenient.

About five months ago a young gentleman in the navy belonging to the Bienfaitant was married to a lady residing in Plymouth, not less distinguished for her beauty than she has been lately for the multiplicity of her matrimonial connections. Their happiness was however, a few weeks since, interrupted by the appearance of another lady, who alledged a prior claim to the bridegroom, which, as he could not disavow, a separation from his new bride took place. To console herself under this misfortune, last week she paid a second visit to the temple of Hymen with a new lover, since when it has been discovered that this accomplished fair one, though not more than twenty-one, has been married to ten different husbands in Portsmouth, besides the above mentioned; two
and

and what adds to the novelty of this business, the twelve husbands are actually married to no fewer than nineteen wives!

The late Marchioness, mother of the present Duke of Bedford.—A short time previous to the death of this inconsolable and lovely mourner, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford-house; and one of the gentlemen present desired, whilst he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of forcing the fingers gently asunder, when he perceived that she had shut them to conceal the miniature picture of the Marquis. “O Madam! (observed the physician) my prescriptions must be useless, if your ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes the representation of an object which, although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness.” “I have kept the picture (answered the Marchioness) either in my bosom or in my hand, ever since the death of my dear Lord; and thus am I determined to preserve it, till I fortunately drop after him into the grave.

When the present Viscount T———d was Aid de Camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, his Royal Highness, who had taken offence at a part of his conduct not within the military line, availed himself of many occasions to give him that uneasiness which is inflicted by the severity of remarks from our superiors. During an engagement between the English and French army,
in

in Flanders, a poor foldier, serving in the former, was killed by a cannon-ball; and the blood and filth flew from his shattered head over the face of Lord T——d, who, lifting his hand to his eyes, endeavoured to clear them from the disagreeable matter that covered them. “What! exclaimed his Highness) is the gallant T——d afraid?” “No Sir (answered his Lordship) I am not *frightened*; I am only surprised that a fellow with so *much brains* should have enlisted into *your* regiment.”

Beau Nash the late King of Bath.—It was more to some of those peculiarities, which are ever to be seen uppermost in some characters, than any very great adorning of manners that Mr. Nash rose to that consequence he held so long at that polite receptacle for the genteelest company, Bath: one instance of his punctuality to order, which he would never permit to be broke through, is as follows: it was usual at the balls for the minuets to be discontinued as soon as the clock struck eleven: it happened several years ago, when the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Amelia were at the rooms, that the clock struck eleven just as the Princess had called another minuet: the music was silent, and Mr. Nash was personally applied to by the Princess for the favour of another minuet. Nash said, “that the laws of Bath were like those of the Medes and Persians; they altered not:” the Princess acquiesced, and it has never been known to have been broke through since in any instance.

A late very pious, but very credulous bishop was relating a strange story of a Dæmon that haunted a girl in Lothbury.—To a company of gentlemen in the city—when one of them told his lordship the following—

“As I was one night reading in my bed, as my custom is,” (though a bad one) and all my family were at rest, I heard deliberately ascending the stairs, and as it came nearer, I heard something breathe, while I was musing what it should be, three hollow knocks at my door, made me ask who was there, and instantly the door flew open—Ay sir! and pray what did you see? my my Lord I’ll tell you. A tall thin figure stood before me—with withered hair, and an earthly aspect: he was covered with a long footy garment, that descended to his ankles, and his waist was clasped within a broad leathern girdle, in one hand he held a black staff, taller than himself; and, in the other, a round body of pale light, which shone feebly every way. That’s remarkable! pray sir, go on. It beckoned to me, and I followed it down stairs, and there it pointed to the door—and then left me, and made a hideous noise in the street.—This is really odd and surprising; but pray now, did it give you no notice what it might particularly seek or aim about! yes my Lord, it was the watchman, who came to shew me that my servants had left all my doors open.

An eminent tradesman at the West end of the town, remarkable for the blunt sincerity of his dealing, had delivered a bill for a debt of about 20*l*. to a noble Lord, not remarkable for the promptitude of his payments: the debt had been
due

due for a dozen years, and the tradesman had called so often in vain, that he was exasperated. But one morning, by the blunder of a new servant, he was admitted to his Lordship's presence. He was a man of large and extensive trade, and having realized a fortune of 30,000. he did not happen to pay much reverence to a Lord, when that Lord was long winded in his payment. He therefore insisted in very positive terms for his money, and hinted something about the hardship of that law, which gave protection to insolvent Peers. Fortunately he enraged his noble debtor so much, as to urge him to take the uncommon resolution of paying the bill that instant. He accordingly pulled out his purse, and having thrown the money upon the table, he declared that he never in his life saw so insolent a fellow, and he swore that he would punish him for his rudeness, by prevailing on every friend of his to discharge him from their employment. Old Vinegar taking up, and pocketing the money with all the composure in the world, said in answer to this; "As to you, my Lord, I'll take care you never shall employ me, and if you will give me a list of your friends, I give you my word they shant neither."

The following is a fact. Mrs. W——, a lady at the West end of the town, remarkable for her avaricious meanness, being in her carriage on a visit to a noble family, on her way saw a woman with a basket of eels, of whom she bought two pounds, tied them up in her handkerchief (and not caring to leave them in the chariot, for fear her servants should pilfer them) put them in her pocket,

pocket, and presently arriving at the place of appointment, where was a numerous assemblage of the politest company, she had not long sat, e'er the wrigling gentry having broke loose (unperceived by her) were shuffling away in a variety of directions from her petticoats, to the inexpressible surprise and diversion of all present, excepting herself, who, covered with confusion, left the room abruptly, but not before she had carefully picked up every one of her eels.

A French nobleman having a dispute with a simple officer, addressed his antagonist in the following imperious manner:—"Remember, sir, who you are, and who I am." The officer, who knew that his lordship had made a considerable fortune in the late reign *through the channel of his late wife*, who happened to strike the King's fancy, immediately replied, "if you go to that, my lord, we are both what his Majesty has been pleased to make us, I an officer, and your lordship a cuckold! !"

On one side of a bridge at Pontefact, in Yorkshire, there stands the following inscription:

K E E
P O N T.
H. I S S.
I. D E.

Which a departation from the society of antiquarians were sent to decypher; but after spending much time without being able to effect it, a *simple* countryman passing by one day while the learned body were holding a consultation upon it, one of them in derision asked him to read it; which he

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without

without hesitation did as follows : *keep on this side.* The other side being so bad as to make it hazardous for passengers to venture on it, caused the above inscription to be put up.

The Stool of Repentance.

Some years ago, the Presbyterian church discipline in Scotland was so rigid, that the incontinent of all ranks were compelled to do public penance, or incur the most serious consequences of excommunication. An officer in the army, who resided at Stonehaven in these times, was ordered, for an affair of gallantry, to sit on what is called the *Stool of repentance* for two successive Sundays; he was obedient to the sentence the first time, but found his seat, being a detached part of the church, so cold and uncomfortable, that he had little inclination to sit there again; however, there was no remedy; and he was proceeding the next Sunday towards church, when he met a brother officer of the same regiment, an Englishman, who was just arrived. "Ah, Jack! (exclaimed he) what brought you to Stonehaven? come, you shall go to church with me, and after that go home with me to dinner!" induced by the latter part of the invitation, his friend consented; "but (resumed the former) I must go and make some little addition to what is ordered; go on to the church, and I will follow you; the doorkeeper will shew you to my seat." The captain was obedient, and, as his friend had foreseen, the doorkeeper mistaking him by his regimentals for the penitent, conducted him to the stool. Here he immediately attracted the eyes of the congregation,

tion, but vanity easily imputed that to the gentility of his appearance. He wondered at his friend's delay, but concluded some accident had detained him. At length the parson having finished his sermon, proposed to rebuke the supposed offender, as the custom was, in very harsh terms. The captain finding himself addressed, rose and listened with astonishment; but as his face wore no marks of contrition, the lecture still encreased in severity:—"You hardened wretch, cried the minister, you are no doubt going on in your lasciviousness; I dare say no longer ago than the last night you may have sinned anew in the same way." Here our officer, unable to contain himself longer, replied aloud, "*By my soul, Sir, that may be very true, but how the devil came you to know it?*" much confusion here ensued, but at length, after the parson had tired himself with reprehension, the service ended, and the penitent, quite confounded at so strange an attack, enquired for his friend's house. When they met, "*why George, said he, what became of you, and what strange fellow of a parson have you got here? last night I got to bed with the chambermaid of the inn I sleep at, and he has told me of it before all the congregation.*"

The late Lord Windsor, for reasons best known to himself, conceived a violent dislike to the Scotch. One morning, when he was at the George's Chocolate-house in Pall-mall, Lord Elibank (a relation to a certain chief justice) expatiating on the various accomplishments of his countrymen, observed that they were the most expert boxers in Europe, and that one Scotchman could, at any time, with the fair exercise of the fist, beat three

Englishmen. I perceive, (answered Lord Windsor) at the other end of the room, two Scotchmen, whom I despise not less than I do the boasting Elibank; and if they will accompany him into the garden, I will do myself the pleasure of reversing the declaration, and convince them that one Englishman is able to thrash three Scotchmen. Lord Elibank did not want good nature. He laughed heartily at the challenge and dropt the subject.

A young gentleman of fortune, having conceived a supreme affection for a lady of beauty and merit, acquainted her father therewith, submitted his character to his enquiry, and offered a suitable jointure.

The old gentleman hearing he was a tory, absolutely forbade his addresses; but as their love had become mutual, they found means through the assistance of a confidant, to enjoy each others company, but could never effect a consummation till the following accident produced the desired event.

Some rats having got into the old gentleman's chamber, their noise, with the assistance of his evil conscience, persuaded him that his room was haunted one night just about bed time, he sent to his daughter, to change beds with her, the young lady, (tho' under the greatest concern because she could not inform her humble servant thereof, the old gentleman always taking up the keys) was forced to obey.

At the usual hour the lover ascended, and came in, but was a little surprised not to find his mistress in her chair, as before; but much more, when, upon opening the curtains, he heard a
hoarse

hoarse voice cry out, who art thou? the gentleman answered with presence of mind, I am the Devil (and know thee to be, a whig—I am come for thee—good Devil said the poor trembling old man) have a little more patience with me, for I assure you I am no further a whig, than for my own interest. I knew all that before (quoth the devil) and it is thy being so great an hypocrite, that gives me such an ascendant over thee, there is but one way to deprive thyself from present destruction, which is to pull of thy visor, and permit the marriage of thy daughter with her worthy Suitor. The old gentleman promised compliance without hesitation; the pretended Devil departed as he came: the real lovers were afterwards cordially admitted and the marriage soon consummated.

One, having a good stomach, was invited to dinner, but having some extraordinary business, he stayed till they had almost dined: how to get his belly full he could not tell, but sits down very melancholy in a chair, says he, it was a sad accident, that happened to your neighbour Green just now, for looking out at a window, he put both his eyes out, away the company runs to this neighbours house, in the mean time he makes an end of their dinner for them: at their return, they told him they did not think he was so great a liar,—says he again, what I say is true, for none can put their heads out, but their eyes must be out likewise.

A gentleman being one day at a public entertainment, where one of the company sat several
D 3 hours

hours without speaking a syllable; and, as from the character of the person, there was great reason to suspect that his silence was owing to a supercilious contempt of the company, he determined to shew his resentment the first opportunity that offered. Accordingly when supper was brought in, the gentleman was remarkably assiduous in helping the silent man to the best upon the table, and taking care to supply his plate when he saw near empty, upon this, one of the company desired to know his reason for this extraordinary attention to the silent person.

To which he replied, I assure you it is from the tenderness of my disposition, for I cannot bear to see a dumb creature want. This smart Repartée had the desired effect.

Every man to his trade.

The morning on which Taplin, the rioter, was hanged, the executioner received, from the unhappy victim, some loose silver, as a small gratuity for a piece of *tenderness* about to be received. This was given only a few moments previous to the prisoners being launched into eternity. Notwithstanding the awful spectacle displayed at this time to innumerable heaps of lamenting spectators, who had assembled to contemplate the conduct of two wretched beings, destined to seek, in the dark paths of future incertitude, that mercy and forgiveness denied them here, the *thrifty* finisher of the law was carefully examining into the quality of the money he had received; and one piece being rather of a doubtful hue, he really procrastinated the duties of his office, while he assayed it

it on the cart in which the devoted culprits were standing. Whether it was current or not, our correspondent could not ascertain; but of this he is positive, that a dissatisfaction was apparent in the countenance of Ketch, who put the piece in question in a separate pocket, and proceeded to business with an avidity that seemed an exertion to repair the loss of time the above curious circumstance had occasioned.

Capt. Wil—it was exercising his volunteer company, in a piece of ground behind his house, at Bethnal-Green, the servant neglecting to shut the coach-house doors, and while the company were marching to slow time, two over-drove oxen ran into the yard, and, as Mr. Foote says in Major Sturgeon, “attacked their rear so furiously, that the whole corps was thrown into disorder;” their noble commanders were forced down by the men, who, to escape the danger that threatened them, trampled on, while others tumbled over them, to the total dispoiling the scarlet and gold: however, the Serjeant and Corporal, who have the *care of their education*, recovering from the assault, faced about, and advanced with charged bayonets; but, at the same instant, a number of Whitechapel blackguards and butchers secured the assailants, and, without his Worship’s warrant, committed them to the slaughter-house. We are exceeding happy to think no other accident happened than the destruction of the Captain’s sword, which got between his legs, and in the fall was broken in two! his worthy Lieutenant, in falling, run his spontoon through the drum-head, and narrowly avoided the Drummer’s posteriors, together

ther with the total spoiling the Officer's cloaths, and a small addition of dirt on several of the men.

M. Vestries, the late dancer, being in company with a fencing-master, the conversation turned upon their different profession; each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other; at length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms next morning in Hyde-Park. The combatants met; when the fencing-master drew his sword; Vestries drew his *kit* and began to play the Devonshire minuet, saying, "D—n you, why don't you dance?" the fencing-master was very angry, exclaiming, he did not understand being trifled with. No, says Vestries, I don't trifle with you; this proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse, without the assistance of any one.

A conversation betwixt an Apothecary and Snip the Taylor.

Q. How do you to-day Mr. Snip?

A. "Very bad, and I fear I shall be no better whilst I continue taking Doctor's stuff, I can't take any more."

The wife meeting the Apothecary on the stairs accosted him thus:

Q. How is my husband to-day?

A. Very bad *rambling*, he talks *rambling*.

The medicines were sent as usual.

Next

Next day Snip resolved to make one more effort, and he told the Apothecary, *that his money was all gone, and says he, God must poy you, for I cannot, my money is all gone.* The Apothecary took the hint at last, and made him no more stuff and no more visits, so pathetic and so much to the purpose was this last harangue of poor Snip the taylor.

A few years before the death of the late L—d C——d, when his Lordship was at Bath, he was accosted in the pump room by his physician, with common salutations, who, after a little discourse, proposed feeling his Lordship's pulse. "Let me feel my Lord. — Ah! — pretty well! — Your Lordship is much better than when I last saw you. — You want but *little physick*, my Lord — very little indeed." All this time L—d C—d had one hand in his breeches pocket, preparing to take out the guinea. — At last imitating the gravity of the doctor's muscles, he begged to feel *his* pulse in return. — "Very well, doctor; a regular good pulse: — I don't find *you want any thing*; — and immediately returned the guinea into his pocket.

Thelyphthora: a true anecdote. — Exod. xxii. 28. "If a man find a damsel that is a virgin, and lay hold of her, and — *so forth* — she shall be *his wife*, because he hath *humiled* her." — A certain Ecclesiastic, whose notions of polygamy have rendered him the subject of the day, not long since (in his magistratical capacity of a country justice) had occasion to examine a pregnant female, accused of incontinency. — The father! says the Judge, who is he? declare him. — The damsel wept. The Judge

Judge looked stern.—The woman, says a bystander, hath not been taken in *adultery*. The crime is *simple*.—No matter! she deserves punishment; and she shall have it. *Away with her*.—What! says another, with your *daughter*? Is there no mercy, neither, for an offspring, which will be your grandchild? Know! the man who hath *humbl'd* her, is your *own son*: and, for that cause, shall it be the less “a marriage in the sight of god?” shall she not be his wife? Lo! *Thelyphthora* saith, “he may not put her away *all his days*.” Shall not these twain be one flesh.” *Cetera desunt*.

The speech of Miss Polly Baker, before a court of Judicature, at *Connect cut* near *Boston* in *New-England*; where she was prosecuted the fifth time, for having a Bastard Child: which influenced the court to dispense with her punishment, and induced one of the Judges to marry her the next day.

May it please the honourable bench to indulge me in a few words; I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches; for I have not the presumption to expect, that you may, by any means, be prevailed to deviate in your sentence from the law, in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice I have been brought
to

to public punishment, for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances; and therefore there is left a power somewhat too dispense with the execution of them: I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world, at the risque of my life, I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burthening the township, and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects, in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praise-worthy, rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth; these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the minister or justice, because I have had children without being married; by which they have missed a wedding fee. But, can ever this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree,

not

not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, and skill in oeconomy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say, I ever refused an offer of that sort. On the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour, by trusting to his. That very person you all know; he his now become a magistrate of this country; and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench; and have endeavoured to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it; but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honour and power in the government, that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy. I should be told, 'tis like, that there were no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine, then, is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church-communion. Is not that sufficient? you believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire: will not that be sufficient? what need is there, then of your additional fines, and whipping? I own, I do not think as you do; for if I thought what you call a sin, was really such, I could

could not presumptuously commit. But, how can it be believed, that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crown'd it, by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls. Forgive me, Gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine, but if you, take into your wise consideration, the great and growing number of batchelors in the country, many of whom who fear the expences of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence against the publick good, than mine? compel them, then, by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom have forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any; and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of nature, and of nature's god, *Encrease, Multiply*. A duty, from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me; but for its sake, I have hazarded the loss of the publick esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a Statue erected to my memory.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Puff having opened both Houses of Criticism made the following Speech.

Gentlemen of the Pit.

"I have called you together at a period the most important for the honour of our kingdom and interest. You cannot be ignorant of the many enemies, that have now united their forces against us; and, if good taste shall ever be joined with good nature, or wit with decency, I am afraid the pipe would tremble in our mouths. Our successes, however, in the summer campaign, are such as ought to embolden us, and as half-price is still continued, we may have many opportunities to surprize the enemy in time sufficient, for the purpose of damnation. Continue the same invariable attention to the audience which you have ever possessed? address those next you in a voice considerably above that of the stage, and let it not be said, that you have wit at your fingers ends only, but even at the ends of your canes.

Gentlemen of the Galleries.

"I have ordered the performances of the ensuing season to be laid before you. By these you will see what we are to expect, if the province of Pantomime and buffoonery should be taken from us.—Gentlemen, I have ordered an additional quantity of apples and oranges for your service, I know I shall have an equivalent in the pleasure which I take in every thing that favours of d—n."

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of both Theatres.

“ Deeply impressed as I am with love for my people, it hurts me much that our enemies, the Authors, are still increasing in number; however, I hope, by the blessing of half-eaton pippins, and cat-calls, we may be able to maintain the sovereign right of criticism in defiance of any merit, however conspicuous.”

The Speech was ordered to lye on the Table.

Passed a bill in favour of new names to comedies, and that operas henceforth should be called musical comedies. And begin with a prologue; and that comedies, properley so called, shall for the future be provided with overtures.

Ordered, That the box-keeper of the shilling gallerey in Drury-lane be called to the bar for refusing a bad sixpence from Mr. Edward Encore, Mr. Encore not having another sixpence in the world.

Wednesday last, the Islanders was delivered of the Marriage Act, at her house in Covent-garden; the mother died immediately but the child is like to do well.

Mr. O’Keeffe was lately delivered of twins, and both are in a promising way, which to all his friends, must be an agreeable Surprise, as much so indeed as if they had seen the dead alive!

A correspondent informs us, that on Friday at twelve o’Clock at noon, he observed Miss——tripping through Pall-Mall; and as he did not know, and could not procure the least intelligence as to where she came from—or whither she was going,

He charitably conjectures she could be about no good, especially at an hour when most women of rank or virtue are in bed.

Just published, a treatise on the use of one leg, addressed to lovers of dancing.

A new edition of Gods revenge against murder, is in the press, dedicated to the actors of both theatres.

Yesterday an eminent Critic in Shoe-lane, hit upon a d—n'd good thing; the same was announced by drinking of porter; smoaking of tobacco, and other demonstrations of joy.

Died in great agonies, the last new comedy, of the wounds it received in the Hay-market.

Same day were interred, the remains of Timothy Dreadnought, an eminent puffer.

Promotions. Miss Susanna Brazen, to be orange wench at Covent-garden, vice Miss Pippin, who has resigned.

At a certain meeting, in a certain tavern, under a certain piazza, a certain great man said a d—n'd good thing, upon which No. 45 laughed, and the good of one's country laughed, and an Auctioneer laughed, and they all laughed he! he! he! and why the devil dont you laugh too?

Executed last week, pursuant to his sentence the Beggars Opera; when arrived at Covent-garden, the place of execution, he made the following speech.

“I was born of honest Aristotle, fearing parents who gave me a good education, and taught me to sing and to dance. I continued for many years as a reputable tradesman, and was of much service, in London, Dublin, and Edingburgh.
Where

Where I had interest enough to fill houses, when nothing else would, I kept my character till last summer, when getting acquainted with one George Coleman, he led me into a company of women, which soon proved my ruin. His reason was, that he might make money of me. Let me warn all other operas, especially the young, to beware of bad women. I forgive both fidlers and door-keepers, and die in peace with all men. May Aristotle bless Mr. Sheridan, for he was very kind to me, and took me into his house often. But all would not do. As a dying play, I advise Mr. Harris to repent of his many sins, and particularly the injuries he has done me, I forgive Miss Catley and Mrs. Webb, hope they will receive mercy at the day of benefits — so prays the dying Beggars opera.

The concourse to the above execution was so great that we are assured, many give five shillings for a place.

Deaths. Mr. Christopher Squeezum, an eminent scoundrel, in St. Mary-Axe; Miss Pegg Pickpocket, an eminent strumpet in Broad St. Giles's.

CHARLES TOWNSEND.

It was a very singular circumstance that shewed the effect of habit in this celebrated Orator: he had been used to speak so much in the house of commons on his legs, that he could never make the substance of a speech further than a few words, or a repartee, while sitting. When the principal Merchants of London waited on him

upon a great commercial regulation, he heard all they had to say, and then, to answer them, rose from his chair, saying, "I must be on my legs, or I cannot speak to you at all."—His convivial wit at table, (perhaps the most brilliant part of his character) was perpetual, varied, and rose from trifles so minute, that he never wanted a perennual fund; nor was he satisfied with the tribute of laughter from those at table with him, if all the footmen in the room were not upon the broad grin; and he actually made lady Dalkeith, part with a favourite footman of her own, because he had several times observed him not to have the risible impulse; his memory was prodigious, he never read the classicks, he had them all at his fingers ends from acquisitions he had made at school; and that this is probable, appears from a circumstance that happened at Rainham, where his brother, George, the present Lord, lost twenty guineas a bet to him that he did not know what was in an old lease, which George knew he could have seen but once in his life; Charles repeated every clause, and every circumstance with such exactness, that the whole family were astonished.

His talents with all their powers, had shades that were unaccountable, unless we attribute them to timidity, he had his hours when he could do nothing, and he avoided the house; when he knew he should meet with a violent and prepared opposition, he then had his political cholics, a real dissemper indeed, but so often feigned that at last he was not believed, and he died for want of a physician.

Alderman

Alderman Townshend, when Viceroy of Ireland knighted Alderman King, then Sheriff, of Dublin for his *eminent services* in quelling a dangerous mob. Sir John Hasler, then Gentleman-usher at the castle, sent the usual bill of accustomary fees, and a sword, which is always presented on the occasion to the new-made Knight. Sir Anthony was seated behind his counter in a little tin-shop;—his lady on the opposite side selling a hard bargain of a *save-all* to an apple woman, when the messenger with the bill and the sword, arrived. The demand was 126l.—“ *One hundred and twenty-six Devils*” said Sir Anthony. — “ Go home and tell your master that I am a Knight, and that *Isabella* is a *Lady* without paying any fees, and that as, d’you see me, I shall never be sheriff again — I won’t want a sword, and harkee—let me see—by J—s that gingerbread thing you have there is not worth sixpence—and as I could make a better one of tin, I won’t have it; and I won’t pay the bill—and so that’s all Mr. Messenger. I can’t be un-knighted—and I can’t be *proffest* for the fees—and so Sir, if you please, I am Sir Anthony King, without fees.” Isabella, her new-made ladyship, had cast a longing eye on the ribbon, which was tied in a fashionable knot to the sword—and turning to the Knight, she said, “ Sir Anthony, you may want the sword, you know, when you are Lord Mayor.”—*Pogb!* you fool, “ replied the Knight, there is a large gold sword belongs to the Lord Mayor, which is so heavy, that the City pays a man for carrying it — besides, my dear, if ever I have a *formal sword*, it shall be a *large couteau de chasie*.” The bill was returned, and the fees have never since been paid.

When

When Townshend first took his seat in the House of Commons, he went with an old Member, who was to serve, as occasion required, for a Nomenclator. After several questions had been asked and answered, Charles enquired, who such a gentleman was, pointing to Mr. Harris (since the author of *Hermes*, the *Philological Enquiries*, &c.) “That, said his friend, is the famous James Harris of Salisbury? famous! what is he famous for? why for erudition, philosophy, and criticism: he is supposed to be the best and most general scholar of his time:” — “Is he,” replied Mr. Townshend, “then what the devil does he do *here?*”

It has been the misfortune of Mr. Burke to pass through life in what is sometimes called *hot water*, with great reputation, as well as a family to support upon a small fortune. This has kept him always necessitous and narrow in his private circumstances. It is certain, that when Lord Rockingham found him at the Temple a young Irishman, studying law for the bar, he was supported very barely, having scarce enough to live on; such as it was, however, his Lordship certainly ruined him by taking him from it. It was a *tumble up stairs*; for with his talents, eloquence, and learning, he would have been by this time Attorney-General, or Chief Justice. It has been said, he got 20,000*l.* by stock-jobbing, while Secretary of the Treasury; it was not so large a sum; but supposing it so for a moment, we are to remember that he was involved when it came, and that he was never famous for œconomy, though never remarkably imprudent: thus his 5 or 600*l.* a year at Beaconsfield would

would not go far to support a family in his situation of life: a large house expensively furnished, and a London one too, with a son in France, or at the university. No wonder therefore, that at this time, and for some years past, he is supposed to write the historical part of the annual register, at the regular salary of 100*l.* a year; which is not great pay, for it contains sometimes as much as a common 8vo. volume. The numerous pamphlets too, which he has written, are printed either upon his own account, or he is very well paid for them; and Lord Rockingham, by way of a genteel present, always buys, 1000, and sometimes, 2000 of every thing he publishes, to give away.—But with all assistances, he is known to be not only narrow in his circumstances, but unhappy;—those who knew him reading law, are amazed at the change politics have made in him: for the sake of supporting a faction which never can hold up its head in this country but in the last confusions of rebellion; he has given independency for dependence—profits for loss—and cheerfulness for disgust, l'envyè, and disappoint!

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday near Durham, the reverend, as well as corpulent Mr. B—— chanced to pass that way; and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austere reproached him for breaking the Sabbath, telling him, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied. “Your external appearance, reverend Sir, says, that if your dinner was at the bottom of the river
with

with mine, you would *angle* for it, tho' it were a *fast-day*, and your *Saviour* stood by to rebuke you!"

William Collins *the Poet*. — This unfortunate son of Apollo, having once some intelligent friends drinking tea with him in his apartments at Magdalen College, Oxford, a member of another College, as remarkable for his brutal behaviour as for his good scholarship, came in, and without the least provocation, kicked the tea-table, with all its furniture, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though naturally of a warm temper, took no notice of the aggressor, but calmly rising from his chair, picked up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his crockery ware, repeating mildly.

"*Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.*"

A few years since the mate of an East-Indiaman asked a Custom-house officer if he was blind. The answer was, "only with one eye." This was covered with a 36s. Piece. "Lord (said the officer) I have recovered the sight of the other eye." That was likewise covered. — How are you now," said the Mate, "I am deaf." — Each of his ears wear covered with the coin of Portugal. — "I can speak." — His mouth was now honoured with a Johannes, and he was as dumb as could be wished.

Yorick Gives this account of his life. — My poor father died in March, 1731. — I remained at Halifax, till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this *Anecdote* of myself, and schoolmaster. He had had the ceiling of the school-

school-room new white washed, the ladder remained there. I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, *Lau Sterne*, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be defaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received.

The following Story will afford a fund of entertainment to the gentlemen of the long robe at the ensuing Assizes at Lancaster. An easy good-natured husband, who was perfectly under the government of his wife and who, on being accustomed to spend his evenings at the public-house with his neighbours, was directed by her to find his way to her chamber without a light, lest he should disturb her, the street-door being left always on the latch for his admission. and no servant being suffered to sit up for him; it happened about a month or two since, that one of these neighbours, in an amorous fit, rallied him upon his implicit submission to his better half, and offered to lay him a wager of five guineas that he dared not to stay from home an hour longer than his usual hour, lest his wife should correct him. The unthinking husband took the bet, and during this hour, the other stole to the lady's chamber, and obtained the summit of his wishes. She frequently spoke to him; but he found means to evade an answer, till at last finding him get out of bed, retiring to the chamber door, and there fumbling to get it open, she began to suspect some trick, and before he could get off, she jumped out, seized him by the collar,

collar, screamed, and raised the house, and thus discovered who the interloper was. The injured husband determined to prosecute, but the lawyers could not well advise how to proceed. Some proposed to indict the offender capitally for burglary; for lifting the latch and entering a dwelling-house at night, if done with a felonious intent, is burglary; but as the wife was consenting to the act, when she found her supposed husband within the sheets, it could not be construed *felony*; the same arguments prevented its being deemed a *rape*; others were for indicting him for grand larceny, or *stealing privately from the person*; but what did he steal?—nothing but her consent, this not being any thing that could be in fact carried away, every idea of indicting upon this statue, fell to the ground. Actions of *trespass*, *seduction*, &c. were then proposed; but the whole has centered at last in prosecution for *Crim. Con.*

The *Premier* was on a visit the other evening where an old peer kept boring him with political questions, which of all others are the minister's aversion:—at last the noble *Quidnunc*, after lamenting the hazardous situation of Vice-Admiral Darby—asked Lord North what the Admiral *would say* if he was to meet with the *combined fleets*? “say,” replied his Lordship, testily, “why, I suppose he would say, with Capt. Macheath in the Opera.

How happy could I be with EITHER!”

The Italian poet Tasso was reduced to such an extrem state of poverty, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from one of his best friends, in order
to

to furnish him with subsistence during a week. This circumstance gave occasion to a pretty sonnet of his, in which he intreats his cat to lend him the light of her eyes, in the night time, because he had not even money enough to buy candles with.

A certain cardinal, who delighted much in Cicero, used to imitate him with so much care and exactness in every thing he wrote, that he would never use a single latin word that was not to be found in the works of that celebrated Roman orator. It has even been said that he was so passionately fond of Tully's purity of style that he would never read his bible for fear of corrupting his latinity.

Diogenes. — That philosopher being asked by his Disciples how they should dispose of his body after death? answered in this cynical way—“*Leave it to rot on the surface of the earth.*” They were struck with horror at such an idea, and observed, “that the wild beasts and birds would devour him.” “Then, replied he, *put a stick in my hand to drive them away.*” They smiled at the expedient, saying, “you will then be unable to use it, for you will have *no feeling or sensation.*” Why, then, returned the philosopher, *if so, what matters it how I am disposed of?*”

Alphonso, King of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to buy horses, and to return at a stated time. As it was then the custom of Princes to have buffoons, or jesters,

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about

about them, who, under the pretence of folly, were allowed to take the greatest liberties with them, one of these, who was in the service of his Neapolitan Majesty, used to keep a Journal, in which he wrote an exact register of every absurd, impertinent or laughable transaction that happened at court. Upon the day that the Moor was dispatched to Barbary, this jester waiting upon the King at supper his Majesty called for his journal, and ordered him to read what he had observed that day. The jester immediately produced his book, and, among other things, read the following; “On this day Alphonso, King of Naples, sent Beltram, the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, (his own country) with so many thousand crowns to buy horses.” The King asked why he inserted that? “Because,” replied the fool, I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again; and then you will lose both the man and the money.” “But if he should come back, then your jest is spoiled,” said the King. No, Sir, (answered the Buffoon) for if he should return, I will blot out your name, and put him in for a fool.”

A certain Baronet, who is pricked down for Sheriff, is now circulating through the tonish circles: the baronet, last year, by a well timed application, contrived to escape serving the expensive office: he again this year applied to be excused. Lord Loughborough's reply was to the following effect: that the nomination was seldom eluded, unless for these three reasons: unless the party in question was lately married, which was not Sir G—'s case;—unless he was known to be poor,

poor, which was also known not to be his case; or unless he had lately *built* a house, which his Lordship added he understood to be so far from the case of Sir G—, that he was at this time having three houses *pulled down*.

When his Majesty paid a visit to Admiral Parker's fleet at the Nore, it was impossible that every sailor on board could have an opportunity of beholding his Sovereign; in consequence of this disappointment, the officers granted liberty to as many as possible could be spared ashore, to go and see the royal visitors at Sheerness and Chatham. When the King entered the lines at Chatham, the crowd was extremely great, and pressing very hard to see him; a sailor's curiosity led him so far as to push in front of a Sergeant of the 65th regiment, just as his Majesty and the Prince were passing, who was obliged to knock the butt-end of his musket on Jack's toes to keep him back, which made him grumble very much; the King overhearing the dispute, turned round to the serjeant, and desired him "to hurt no person; if he could do his duty by gentle means, do it, if not, let the people satisfy their curiosity." The enraged seaman, on hearing this, exclaimed, "God bless your Majesty! I have leave from my officers, and d—n my eyes if e'er a lobster in England shall hinder me from seeing my Royal Master!" this had such a visible effect on the King and the Prince, that they were observed to laugh very heartily.

A gentleman at the Cocoa Tree animadverting the other day on the brilliant success of the French

Admiral, Comte de Grasse, on the American station, a bystander very archly observed, that he had given the *Coup de Grasse* (Coup de Grace) to our disputes in that quarter of the globe.

Sometime since a creditor who had more rapacity than good sense or benevolence, sent a *fieri facias* into the house of the patriot, and seized all his furniture. The officers brought a cart to the door early in the morning, for the purpose of removing some of the goods immediately. No sooner did the faithful servant perceive the business, than, in the utmost perturbation of mind, he ran up stairs to his master, who was fast asleep, and awoke him with the following dreadful exclamation: "Oh master! master! my dear master, get up, and get out at the garret window; the sheriffs officers are below, and talk of an *execution*." Be gone you blockhead, said the patriot, and let me finish my nap. "Heavens, Sir, replied the honest creature, how can you talk about sleeping, by G— Sir the cart is at the door!"

King Henry the seventh having occasion to send a messenger to the Emperor Maximilian on business that required haste, thought none more fit for this employment than Mr. Thomas Wolsey, then his chaplin; whereupon he called him, gave him his errand, and bade him make all the speed he could. Wolsey departed from the King at Richmond about noon, and by next morning was got to Dover, and from thence by noon next day was come to Calais, and by night was with the Emperor, to whom declaring his message, and having a present dispatch, he rode that night back
to

to Calais, and the night following came to the Court at Richmond: the next morning he presented himself before the King, who blamed him for not being gone, the matter requiring haste. To whom Wolsey answered, "that he had been with the Emperor, dispatched the business, and shewed the Emperor's letter." The King wondered much at his speed, bestowed presently upon him the deanery of Lincoln, and soon after made him his Almoner. — This was the first rise of that afterwards great Prelate and Minister Cardinal Wolsey.

Louis the XIVth of France had a great inclination to pick a quarrel with the Hollanders; some persuaded him, while others dissuaded him as strenuously against it. De Rennes, a favourite with that Prince, whose opinion had been asked on the subject, but as often declined giving it, being repeatedly pressed, desired one month's consideration, in which time he went in disguise of a merchant to Amsterdam; he frequented the city much, and on a certain day seeing a number of people but ill habited go into the Stadthouse, with little bags in their hands, he enquired who they were, when he was answered the Senators, and that the little bags they had contained their provisions; he came back, and telling Louis what he had seen, said, now, Sire, you shall yourself guess if it would be prudent to wage war with a people whose notions of frugality are so great.

The great number of criminals lately executed at Tyburn, reminds a correspondent of a curious reason why there are so many executions in this country, assigned by the great Fortescue, who was
Lord

Lord Chief Justice in the reign of Hen. VI.
 "More menne are honged in Englonde in one
 yeare than in France in seaven, because the En-
 glishe have *better hartes*; the Scotchmenne likewise
 never dare robb, but only committe larcenies."

Mrs. Rainsford, divorced from her husband by Act of parliament in or about the year 1769.—Miss Maria C— was educated at a boarding-school in Queen-square, and as she was to inherit a very large fortune on coming of age, or on the day of marriage, her guardians spared no expence in having here completed in all the elegant accomplishments that are commonly supposed to adorn the sex; such as dancing, music, drawing, French and Italian. Mr. Rainsford, then a young man of fashion, just returned from his travels, saw, and fell in love with her. The girl was exceedingly romantie, and wished for nothing so much as a runaway match, with the difficulties, and attendants that romances give to them. She refused him and he persisting, actually ran away with her, though her guardians would have had no sort of objection to the match. Before they were married, she granted her lover every favour he could ask, and then, from an uncommon caprice, re-refused to marry him. They returned unmarried from Scotland, but pretending to be married, cohabited as man and wife for some time. The circumstances of the affair, however, becoming known to her guardians, they contrived, with great difficulty, to have them married—the protesting to Mr. Rainsford, through the whole negotiation, that if that ceremony passed, she would give her heart and her person, to the first
 man

man she liked better than her husband. She was as good as her word; and went off to France with a Lieutenant in the guards. The divorce followed; and her new lover expected to have her for his wife, but was mistaken. Her ample fortune maintained them handsomely at Paris, but she would never consent to be his wife, having a rooted hatred and detestation to that state. When she was tired of her soldier, she settled a pension for life on him, and travelled into Italy with the Secretary of the Embassy to Naples; and, with whom she lived when the last accounts of her were received. She has improved her mind as much as ever woman did, making herself mistress, with great diligence and attention, of the Greek, Latin and the German. She has written a collection of poems in English and Italian, which are yet in manuscript, and have been much admired. Some of the latter excited the warmest admiration of Metastasio, when they were shewed to him at Vienna. In a word, she is a real genius, and has lived with all those eccentricities and wildness, that sometimes accompany the most splendid talents.

Mason, a fellow of Trinity College, sent to one of his collegians upon the same stair-case with himself, to borrow a book of him, and received for answer, 'that his books never went out of his room; but that if he would come himself, he might read as long as he pleased.' A few days after, the latter sent to Mason, to borrow his bellows; upon which Mason sent him word, 'that his bellows never went out of his room; but that

‘ that if he would come there, he might blow as long as he pleased.’

Marshall Turenne used to say, *La vie d'un soldat est la vie d'un chien ; mais il y a quelques bonnetes gens qui la suivent.* “ The life of a soldier is the life of a dog ; but there are some good sort of people who follow it.”

Some years ago two soldiers of the garrison of Gibraltar were condemned to be shot, for some crimes they had been guilty of; but it being resolved to shew mercy unto one of them, they were ordered to cast lots for one of their lives. The day preceding that appointed for the fatal decision, one of the soldiers told the chaplain of the garrison, who attended him on the occasion——
 “ Doctor, I have lived a very wicked and debauched life; and I sincerely acknowledge the justice of my present sentence. But there is one point I want to consult you upon. You must know, amongst my other crimes, I have been a very great gambler, and I can throw any number upon the dice I please: now I wish to have your opinion, whether I may avail myself of my skill on the present occasion. The Doctor, as may be supposed, inveighed most vehemently against any tricks in the affair, and told the man he ought undoubtedly to trust himself in the hands of providence; and that were he to have his life by any foul play, he could never expect to enjoy any future happiness, either here or hereafter. When they approached the drum-head for the dreadful cast, the chaplain privately reminded his penitent of this resolution, to which he promised most faithfully to adhere. The lowest throw was to suffer.
 The

The other soddler threw fix. The man who had consulted the chaplain then took the dice, and threw fix-ace. The chaplain meeting him some time afterwards, and conversing with him upon his narrow escape, asked him, "If it was not a great satisfaction to him to have trusted himself to the care of providence, and not to have made use of any unfair means for his safety, and whether he was not extremely grateful to providence for his deliverance?" "Why, doctor, says he, to tell you the truth, there is no great room for gratitude, for if I had trusted providence as much with the fix, as I did with the ace, I should have had a d——d bad throw."

Jockie alias Mess John Webster, a Presbyterian parson at Edinburgh, was a very popular preacher, much famed for sanctity of manners, and a particular favorite of all the religious old ladies of the place. Jockie was however flesh and blood, and something given to carnal amusements. Coming early one morning very drunk out of an house of civil recreation, he was asked by one of his companions, "Jockie, what would your old woman say, if they were to see you in this condition?" "Say!" replied he; why, they would say, it was the deel in Jockie Webster's cloaths, who had put them on on purpose to scandalize the geud mon."

Dr. BENTLEY, the celebrated critic.—Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, one day conversing with the doctor concerning a matter then in litigation between the latter and the Bishop of Ely, (in regard to the Bishop's visitatorial power over Trinity College)

lege) seemed to think that the doctor would lose his cause, in consequence of an old writing having been discovered, bearing date in the reign of James the First. That writing," says the doctor, "which is rather against me, I think is dated *anno tertio Jacobi primi*; but would it not still have had more weight with your Lordship, had it been dated *anno primo Jacobi tertii*?"

Mr. T——— T——— d being in company some weeks ago with the Westminster orator, and some other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates last winter in the House of Commons, and observed that Mr. F—x had never been oftener *on his legs* in any one session. "True (replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes) *for the Jews left me not a chair to sit upon.*"

The Archbishop of Magdebourg caused all the Jews to be driven out of his Diocese, permitting them at the same time to carry with them all their effects. It happened that one Jew had the misfortune to fall into a N——y, and as his brethren did not care to take him out because it was Saturday, their sabbath, the Archbishop forbid taking him out on the Sunday following, lest the sabbath of the Christians should be profaned.

Bencraft, who built the alms-houses at Mile-End, founded his fortune in a manner singularly mean. There is a law prohibiting the throwing dust before doors, Bencraft walking the streets early, with a spoon in his pocket.—When a maid servant threw out the dust, he produced the spoon, and said, "I believe this is yours, my dear."—

"Yes,

“ Yes, sir,” “ —Then you threw out this dust.”
 —“ Oh ! yes !” — On this he gave information,
 and received 10s. perhaps ten times ten, in one
 morning.

We hear from Dublin, that a noble Lord, famous for his skill in caricatures, at a late public dinner at his apartments, took off a gentleman a little remarkable in his features : it happened that this gentleman was as great a proficient in caricatures as his lordship ; and observing at the bottom of a long table, what he was about, took out his pencil also, and on the back of a letter, drew a strong and very ridiculous likeness of the noble peer, in the attitude of drawing, the latter, having finished his own performance, handed it down the table, till it came to the gentleman himself, who, laughing heartily at it, slipped into his neighbours hand his own caricature of my lord and passed it up the table on the other side. A general laugh ensued, and the noble peer enjoying this public approbation of his humour, sat highly delighted, and in great spirits ; when in his turn, he was presented with his own ridiculous figure, which had equally diverted half the company — This unexpected stroke visibly made its impression ; he appeared much chagrined, and soon after retired, to the no small entertainment of the company.

Soon after Brigadier-General Arnold came over to the British troops, he observed to a certain officer, who treated him with visible coolness, that the Americans had insolently stiled him a traitor.

“ Sir, (answered the other) you must excuse
 such

such ill-bred people; when they grow politer, they will cease to call any thing by its proper name."

As much is said on the conquest of St. Eustatia, the Tower guns notified it to the nation, Rodney to be made a peer for his galantry, &c. &c. please to acquaint the public, that the island is seven miles long, and two broad; its produce 200 tons of sugar per annum, besides yam and potatoes. The late war its force consisted of 32 soldiers and 174 militia, which was every man in the island. Apprehending that Holland would take a part in that war, they were in continual fear, and therefore it was ordered that if any enemy landed, the person who first discovered such invasion was to fire his musket, and the next who heard it was to fire his, when the fort was to fire two cannon as a general alarm. Unluckily a dog who loved eggs made a trespass by sucking a small planter's egg; the planter fired on and killed him; it being in the night, the next planter fired, the fort took it, two cannon were discharged, and all the militia and soldiery appeared under arms, two drums beating "to arms, to arms." The cavalry consisted of twelve horse; three were detached to discover where the alarm began, when they returned with the report that the dog was killed who had sucked the eggs, and the inhabitants were thanked by the governor for their galantry, and discharged them.

A letter from on board the Hastings East India-man, one of Commodore Johnstone's fleet, has the following information:

"We

“ We had only one man killed on board the Hastings ; one man had his arm shot off, and one his arm broken. Captain Thompson behaved with remarkable courage and conduct during the action, as did his officers ; and as for the men, nothing could exceed them. The unfortunate fellow whose arm was shot off, gave a proof of courage which would do honour to any hero ; for when he came to the surgeon, it was judged necessary to cut off about six inches more of his arm ; and as he was laying on his back, and the surgeon was sawing off the unsound part of the bone, news was brought that the two French ships had struck ; upon which the poor fellow, in the middle of his excruciating pain, was seized with the enthusiasm of a Wolfe, and exclaimed—“ *Thank God !—We shall do for the French dogs yet.*”

A brave tar with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, (being a man of humour) he could not suppress his joke, saying, “ It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down.”

A sailor, who had been a great libertine in his younger days when on shore, resolved to repent before it was too late, by having the Sacrament administered unto him. In the middle of the service, when the clergyman gave the wine, he asked him what it was ? upon which the clergyman gave him an explanation of the reason of the bread and

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wine,

wine, to which the sailor made answer, if it makes no difference, I had rather have *punch*.

A laboring man was carrying home a leg of mutton and a bunch of turneps to his family, he was seized by the press gang, who were for hurrying him to the place of rendezvous. The man remonstrated, by urging his situation, and the dependence of his family on his labours. At last he begged the lieutenant, he might have leave to carry home their fundays dinner. The officer consented, and sent two of his men with him for the safety of his return; but the man no sooner came within sight of his habitation, then taking his leg of mutton in one hand, and his bunch of turneps in the other, aimed two blows so successfully at his kidnappers, as brought them to the ground. He then raised a hue and cry, left them in the hands of the mob, who paid the usual civilities on such occasions, whilst he made his escape.

An English officer being sent from the camp to the court, during a hard frost, had no sooner delivered his letters to the king, then the chamberlain of the household appointed him a lodging in the palace, as he was to return to the camp the next day. But he refused it, saying, "It becomes not me to lie on a bed of down, when my general and the whole army are forced to sleep on the frozen earth."——So saying, he ordered some straw out of the stables, and slept in the open air. The king hearing of the circumstance, made him a handsome present, and recommended him to

to the general, as one of the bravest men in his army

Marshal Turenne happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand that was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master; down he drops upon his knees,—“ Oh! my lord! I thought it was George”—And suppose it had been George, (repeated the marshal, rubbing his backside) you ought not to have struck quite so hard.”

A young lady having buried an old husband whom she married for money, employed a carver to make a statute of wood, as like him as possible, which, with seeming regard to his memory, she placed every night by her side in bed. A young gentleman, who was enamoured of the widow, one night, bribed the maid to permit him to lay in old Simon's place. The widow went to bed, and, as usual, threw her arms across the figure, (as she thought it) of her dear husband; and, finding it warm, crept still closer, till she was convinced it was a better bedfellow than Old Simon. In the morning the maid called, as usual, to know what she would have for dinner. “ Why, (said she) dress the turkey that was brought in yesterday, roast a leg of mutton, with cauliflower, and get a handsome dish of fish.”—“ Madam, (said

the maid) we have not wood enough to dress so much victuals."—"Why then (cried the mistress) you must e'en burn Old Simon."

A Gentleman of Gloucestershire, some time ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a termogant spouse, asked the widower, if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would have for it. "No, said the other, I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure but that I shan't marry again."

Quin ordered a dinner at the time of the earthquake in London, at the Magpye, in White-chapel, consisting of a shoullder of mutton and a pudding; after eating the former, he asked for the pudding, which, with a very pitiful face, the waiter informed him was forgot. "Tell the hostess to come here—Madam," says he, "we may well have earthquakes—no pudding of a Sunday?—Oh, you Sabbath-breaking bitch!"

When the late Doctor Gilbert Burnet (better known by the appellation of *Leaden Gilbert*, under which the celebrated Mr. Pope has transmitted him to posterity) was Bishop of Salisbury, his vanity was alarmed at observing that the Mayor of that City entered the Cathedral, on public days, with a degree of pageantry at least equal to his own. He gave orders that his Worship should
not

not be permitted to have the *mace* carried before him; and this prohibition was successfull, until, at the ensuing assizes, it had been determined that the Mayor enjoyed the privilege of being attended by the *mace*.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury. This Judge, who, when young, is said to have been of a very wild and dissipated turn, being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "what is the matter with you. Tom?" said the Bishop, "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Aye! what is that?" said the father. "The reformation of myself, my Lord," replied the son.

A young man was brought some time ago witness in a cause before Lord Mansfield, in which Mr. Dunning was counsel. When the lad had received the oath, he asked him his name; "Dick Rigby, Sir," answers the boy. "And pray how do you live, Dick?" "why I live as you do, Mr. Dunning, by my wits." "By your wits! I am surprised how you can live upon so scanty a provision." And I am surprised, I confess," replies the boy, "to see you look so fat."

Mr. Dunning being very pleasant on one of the witnesses concerned in the action against the lottery office-keeper. He said, Sir, the lottery business appears to me to be very profitable, I desire you will give me some insight into it, as I mean to commence lottery office-keeper myself.—The witness replied, the business is not so lucrative as

your own, but equally honest. You now cut a respectable figure, but depend upon it in the new business you would cut a ridiculous one.

Mr. Pitt.—In a debate with Lord Holland, he took occasion with great asperity to say, that nature had displayed in his countenance the signs of a black and treacherous soul, and noticed the pent-house of his fullen eyebrows, his hard unsocial front, and dark, unblushing cheeks. On this Lord Holland arose, and complained bitterly of the personal abuse, alledging that he could not help his looks, as he had not made himself; and, turning round to Mr. Pitt, the Hon. Gentleman finds fault with my features, but how would he have me look? — Mr. Pitt starting up, replied, “the Hon. Gentleman asks me, how I would have him look? I would have him look as he ought, if he could; I would have him look as he cannot, if he would; I would have him look like an *honest man*.” — This severe retort threw his antagonist into silent and unconquerable confusion.

GARRET ELECTION.

The day appointed for the ancient septennial custom of electing representatives for the Borough of Garrat, a multitude of people of all ranks and descriptions, from ladies that ride in their own carriages, down to those that drive their wheelbarrows, assembled in the town of Wandsworth. It will not readily be beleived, that a ceremony, so truly ridiculous and contemptible, should have had the efficacy to draw such crowds together, or to furnish them with merriment when collected.

It

It can only be ascribed to the unfrequency of its return, by which the follies of one jubilee are forgot before the approach of another; or perhaps it gives an occasion for amusement, as well as instruction to the world, once in seven years, to see their dearest enjoyment thrown into ridicule, and to observe the human mind in a temporary state of disfranchisement from all the obligations of sanity and sobriety. The Candidates on this occasion were numerous, and, as they are in most contested elections, they had their several distinct interests, their coalitions, their divisions, and every thing but opposite principles. They adapted their political tenets to the prevalent sentiments of the people, and not one of them would presume to confess an alliance with ministry, or to promise a support of the present system. The people of Wandsworth had wisely taken care to throw as much bustle and confusion into the business as possible. They, with a very sagacious policy, had no plan, and they objected to all order? by which means the town was completely blocked up with coaches, carts, and caravans, which were, no doubt, hired for the purpose; and thus they prevented the candidates with their processions from proceeding to Garrat-Green, the place of election. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan declared, that he was a citizen of London, and above the meanness of contributing to the benefit of the publicans at the expence of his constituents: he damned such dirty, pitiful doings, and therefore he went directly to the hustings, like Clytus in the play of Alexander, "in his old coat"—without shew, ceremony, or pageant. He there addressed the people in many very eloquent harangues,

rangues, of full of professions, but chiefly applauding himself for the independent grounds on which he stood. He said he had pawned his whole stock in trade for half a crown, consisting of wigs of all sorts, from the coachman's bob up to the Chancellor's uniform, in order to pay for his coach, which had cost him three shillings.—He did not ask for charity—no, d—n his eyes he was above it, but if they should think proper to throw him any, he was not so proud as to refuse it, although he was a Baronet—he would stoop to pick it up for the whole day, if it would oblige them, and he believed there was nothing unparliamentary in the business.

The candidates were,

Sir Jeffrey Dunstan,
 Sir John Harper,
 Sir Thomas Gnawpost,
 Sir Thomas Tubb,
 Sir Buggy Bates,
 Admiral Dasher,
 Sir William Blaze,
 Sir John Swallowtail,
 Lord Balderdash,
 Viscount Alex. John Hoer,
 Sir John Cockstand, and
 Sir William Guzzeldown.

Of all the candidates Sir John Harper was the best orator, and made the greatest shew. He was dressed in a pink satin suit, richly embroidered, and he was mounted in a high phaeton, drawn by six horses. He was the old member, and in the course of his speeches professed a great deal. He said, it was fashionable to make promises on such occasions, and he was a very fashionable man; he had
 not

not kept one of his old promises which shewed that he had at least one essential quality of a Member of Parliament. Sir Thomas Gnawpost assured them, that he would move for another Insolvent Act; and one poor candidate, who had no hopes of succeeding by any other means, told them, that if they would elect him, he would accept of the Chiltern Hundreds, or a place at Court, after one Session, by which they might have another election next year.

Origin of the Mayor and Members of Garrat.—About thirty years ago, several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garrat Lane, had formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent any others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed at every meeting to contribute some small matter, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum of money was subscribed, they applied to a very worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the incroachers in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the Mayor) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the incroachments were destroyed; and ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called “The Mayor of Garrat.” This event happened at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new parliament, of chusing out-door members for the borough of Garrat, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued, to the great emolument of all the publicans at Wandsworth,
who

who annually subscribe to all incidental expences attending this mock election.

The following story is related of the great *Doctor Ratchiff*:—That English esculapius being called in to attend a person, ill of a most violent quinsy, and after having exerted himself, and employed all his professional skill for several days, at length hit upon the following very extraordinary device. At quitting his patient, he called the nurse aside, and desired her, at such an hour the next morning to have a plentiful dish of *tripes* prepared, with directions to have the *tripes* served up in very large pieces. “Oh law, good doctor,” said she, “how can you order *tripes* for my master, when you well know that he has not room to let a single drop of water?” “That is not your business,” replied the doctor, “do as you are desired.” Accordingly the *tripes* were served up, and the poor patient almost in the last agonies, when the doctor took an opportunity to call the nurse to the door, saying, “there is a piece of gold for you; when I am satisfied that the *tripes* are almost cold, I will call you in, and begin to rate you very handsomely.” Be sure give me some very saucy answer, upon which I shall take up a piece of the tripe and give you a smack across the face with it; you are to take another and pay me in kind, so long as an ounce of the contents remain in the dish.—The farce was punctually performed by the combatants when, wonderful to relate, the miserable patient found his risible muscles affected, and in less than a minute discharged the cause of his illness at the doctor’s feet, and in two days to the astonishment of all his friends, was able to go about the town.

The

The Duke of Rohan passing through Switzerland was suddenly taken ill in one of the towns: the most famous doctor of the place was immediately sent for to come and visit a man of quality just arrived at the inn, who wished to consult him. The doctor entered the room with great gravity, and asked the Duke what his illness was. The Duke looked at him, and answered, I don't know Mr. Doctor, but I think I have seen your face somewhere. The doctor replied, that may very well be, my Lord Duke, for you may possibly recollect that I was your Grace's farrier. How came you then said the Duke to turn physician, and in what manner do you treat the diseases that fall under your care? the farrier answered without hesitation, that he was reckoned the first physician in the neighbourhood, and that he treated his Swiss patients in the same manner as he used to treat his grace's horses, and added, that it was true, many people died of his prescriptions, but at the same time that he cured some. He concluded with intreating his grace "not to discover him, but suffer him to continue to get a quiet living at the expence of the lives of his Swiss patients." If the origin of many of our advertising doctors were known, perhaps it might turn out pretty similar to that of this French farrier.

Lord Bolingbroke died in December 1751, and left all his writings, published and unpublished, to Mr. Mallet; but with respect to those political works printed in his life-time, he expressed himself cautiously, as if he foresaw that somebody would lay claim to them; and therefore he left

left them to his legatee, as far as he lawfully could.

Mallet dreamt of getting golden mountains by Bolingbroke's legacy; he was so sanguine in his expectations, that he rejected the offer of three thousand pounds, tendered to him by Mr. Millar the bookseller, for the copy-right of that nobleman's works; at the same time he was so distressed for cash, that he was forced to borrow money of the same Mr. Millar, to pay the stationer and printer.

Mallet heartily repented his refusal of the bookseller's offer, for the first impression of his edition of Bolingbroke's works was not sold off in twenty years.

Mr. Garrick asked Mallet, what it was that employed his studies. "Why, upon my word, said Mallet, I am eternally fatigued with preparing and arranging materials for the life of the great Duke of Marlborough; all my nights and days are occupied with that history; and you know, Mr. Garrick, that it is a very bright and interesting period in the British annals. But hark you, my friend! do you know that I have found out a pretty snug nich in it for you?"—"heh! how's that! a nich for me! (said the manager, turning quickly upon him, his eyes sparkling with unusual fire.) How the devil could you bring me into the history of John Churchill Duke of Marlborough?"—"That's my business, my dear friend (rejoined Mallet;) but I tell you, I have done it."—"Well, faith, Mallet, you have the art of surprising your friends in the most unexpected

pected and the politest manner: but why won't you, now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage? you should relax. *Interpose this*—ha? you know! for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion, a pleasure to you.

“Why faith, said the other, to tell you the truth, I have, whenever I could rob the duke of an hour or so, employed myself in adapting La Motte's *Ines de Castror* to the English stage, and here it is.” The manager embraced Elvira with rapture, and brought it forward with all expedition.

A gentleman of the law, who could not miss such an opportunity of laughing at Mr. Garrick's vanity, met him one day, and told him he had been applied to by the booksellers to publish an edition of the statutes at Large, and he hoped he should find a snug niche in them to introduce him.

Mr. Garrick had no stomach to repeat the acting of a tragedy that was not approved by the public, and in which he had received such signal mortification. The part of Don Pedro in *Elvira* was the last new character he ever acted.

Mr. Garrick was a great free-thinker, and a very free-speaker of his free-thoughts; he made no scruple to disseminate his sceptical opinions where-ever he could with any propriety introduce them.

At his own table indeed, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions

opinions) would often in the warmth of argument, say, "Sir, *we deists*."

She once made use of this expression in a mixed company to David Hume, who refused the intended compliment, by asserting that he was a very good Christian; for the truth of which he appealed to a worthy clergyman present; this occasioned a laugh, which a little disconcerted the lady and Mr. Mallet.

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domesticks became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at the table being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was fullen, and would answer no questions put to him; but being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well; but you rascal (replied Mallet) had you no fear of the gallows?" Sir, said the fellow (looking sternly at his master) what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? you had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the lesser?" Mr. Mallet died April 21, 1765."

*A Tax upon Prostitutes, genteely called Ladies of
easy Virtue.*

As the number of bad women, which betwixt Whitechapel and Hyde Park, is said to amount to more than forty thousand; some reckon many more, but I speak within bounds. This number includes all *impures* whatever, from *Perditta* in a gilt, enamelled *vis-à-vis*, to *Moll Flaggon*, of *Houndsditch*, that sleeps soundly (after she has been drunk) on a dunghill.

I see no reason why government should not receive some recompense to balance their loss in having so many youths every day sacrificed at the shrine of infamy, who are led to ruin from supposing, that they are hereby advancing their character as men of the world. Bad company, bad books, bad prints, and bad women, are the principal introductions.

Friday morning, between the hours of three and four, a gentleman passing through St. Martin's-lane, was seized by four men near the church, who presenting pistols to his breast, and threatening him with instant death if he made any noise or resistance, obliged him to go into a coach, which appeared to be in waiting. They then tied an handkerchief over his eyes, and in that situation, after driving through many streets, he was brought to a house where the furniture, and every appurtenance indicated the greatest magnificence and splendor. One of the parties, as soon as the gentleman was in a room, took the handkerchief from his eyes, and repeating his charge not to make any noise, left him for near an hour, during which he heard,

in the adjoining apartment, a great number of voices as if in earnest debate. At last a gentleman came and informed him, that the persons concerned in this business were of the first rank, and that it was of the most important consequence; but that although they imagined their intelligence right, they had mistaken the person, the gentleman now taken, appearing upon investigation, not to be him whom they wanted. They made many apologies for their conduct, and also that they could not send him away for some hours, but offered wines, and any other refreshments, with a bed, which the gentleman, being much fatigued, accepted. In the morning an elegant breakfast was provided by candle-light, the shutters of the bedchamber being kept close, after which the gentleman was again blindfolded, and conducted, he thinks, by a back passage, to a coach, which in about twenty minutes stopped, and the handkerchief being taken from his eyes, he was set down in Oxford-street, so confounded and astonished at this strange adventure, that he had not power to utter a syllable till the coach, which was driven off with great rapidity, was quite out of sight.

The late ingenious Doctor Ward, so justly celebrated for his discoveries in medicine, was not more remarkable for his humanity and skill, than wit and humour. An old woman to whom he had administered some medicines proper for a disorder under which she laboured, applied to him with a complaint that she had not experienced any kind of effect from taking them. "No effect at all?" says the doctor. "None in the least," replies the woman; "why then you should have taken a bumping

bumping glass of gin;" "so I did, Sir;" well, but when you found that not succeed, you should have taken another;" "so I did, Sir, and another after that." Oh, you did," says the doctor; aye, "it is just as I imagined; you complain that you found no effect in my prescription, after you confess yourself, that you swallowed gin enough to counteract any medicine in the whole system of physic.

A lady to her doctor.—A lady being ill, sent for a physician, and on his leaving the room gave a fee of two guineas. This she repeated several times, and one day she gave him a single guinea. This by some accident fell upon the floor, when the doctor picked it up, and turning to the lady, with a significant look, said, "Madam; I believe I have dropt a guinea." "No, doctor," replied the lady smartly, "'Twas I who dropt the guinea."

There is a physician of some eminence in this metropolis, who, when in consultation, declines writing his prescription, saying, "*he has sprained his wrist*," and desires his brother doctor to prescribe. Doctor Fothergill once complied with his request, but the Quaker, on seeing him grasp his *fee with the lame hand*, on leaving the patient's room, could not help smiling in his face.

Another reason for this doctor's not chusing to prescribe, is, that being a foreigner, it is supposed the English medical characters and method of prescribing are not sufficiently known to him.

To the honour of the Quaker Doctor Fothergill it is a fact, that he took no fees of the clergy when

consulted by them either personally or by letter. This worthy man would have disdained to have taken money from a poor curate, living in chambers, and to have pretended ignorance of his profession and wretched situation. A clerical gentleman borrowed the use of chambers, in the Temple, and sent to Dr. Fothergill to attend him there, meaning to pass *incog*; but the doctor's vigilance and generosity were not to be taken by surprize, for he discovered the stratagem, and refused his fee. This is a fact.

The Dutchess of Kingston, if her reputed marriage be true, will probably ascend a regal throne, in consequence of her late matrimonial alliance.

Frederick, King of Prussia.—When the Dutches of Kingston some years since wished to be received in the court of Berlin, she got the Russian minister there to mention her intentions to his Prussian Majesty, and to tell him at the same time, “ that her *fortune* was at *Rome*, her *bark* at *Venice*, but “ that her *heart* was at *Berlin*:” Immediately on hearing which the king sarcastically replied, “ I “ beg, sir, you will make my compliments to her “ grace, and inform her, that I am sorry we are “ only entrusted with the *very worst part of her pro- “ perty*.”

The celebrated Queen Christina.—As Dahl worked on her picture, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand! he replied, a fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, descanted a very gross one, and added, “ a fan! give me a lion, that is fitter for the queen of Sweden.”

Louis

Louis the XIVth went to see at the Sorbonne Cardinal Richelieu's tomb: he was struck with the beauty of the workmanship; commended the hand of Girardon the sculptor; ordered his own bust; settled a large pension on him, and founded an academy of painting and sculpture.—Peter was likewise desirous of seeing this master-piece of art, but instead of amusing himself with admiring it coldly, he springs upon the balustrade, throws himself upon the figure, embraces it, and cries out in transport, “O, great man! wert thou but alive, I would give thee half my dominions to learn how to govern the other half.”

A Jew applied to Alphonfus, king of Arragon, and offered to sell him a picture of St. John for 500 ducats. “You are much more avaricious (replies the king) than your ancestors, for they sold the king of the Jews for thirty pieces.”

A gentleman complained at the opera to a wag who sat next to him, that the *mens wearing hoops* gave him much disgust, and that he thought it perfectly absurd and out of character. Not at all out of character, replies the wag; in my opinion it is feminine and all of a piece; and yet it will admit of an improvement; I should like them better if they had what they have not, and not chose things which they have, viz. hoops, ear-rings, and other ridiculous, fantastical extravagancies.

A remarkable instance of longevity in the feathered race. Farmer Pope, near Beaminster, in Dorsetshire, has a goose which is 86 years old; it has been in the farm with four farmers, who have lived

lived on the estate 20 years each, and brought up large families, and has been the only one left by the Foxes for a number of times. There is also living at the above farm, James Pearce, a servant, who is 105 years of age, and able to walk once a week to a market three or four miles distant.

John II. King of Portugal, was entreated by a merchant, named *Ruy Fouza*, that he would have the goodness to speak with him in a public street; which favour he obtained. *Fouza* went out of the palace, walking by the side of the king, who in the mean while was conversing familiarly with him. In the course of this conversation the king enquired of the merchant whether this honour would answer his purpose; to which the latter replied in the affirmative, and returned his majesty most humble thanks for his signal condescension. The next day the merchants, who concluded from the above circumstance that *Fouza* must certainly be in high favour with the king, did not hesitate to lend him a large sum of money, which he was in extreme want of, to save him from the misfortune of an impending bankruptcy. Thus the judgment of the people is in their eyes, and they are readily deceived by a mere external appearance of either good or bad fortune. It is however an observation frequently made of the merchants of the city of London, that whenever a house is seen to launch out into greater expence, and to assume a greater splendor than usual, it is reckoned a certain sign of its approaching decline. There are many other instances in life wherein prudent persons will find their account in judging
by

by contraries. The following caution from Chammont to Monimia in the Orphan, is one of this kind :

At a late meeting of the TORY CLUB, held at the chandler's shop, John-street, it was agreed, nem. con. to adjourn 'till November next; and the president made the following *elegant speech* on the occasion :

“ Gentlemen, “ I cannot quit the chair without thanking you for your punctuality and diligence in the business of this society. Events, to be sure, have been rather untoward, and contrary to our predictions this year. The rebel insurgents did not, as we foretold, come in with the congress, as prisoners to General Clinton, but delivered our spies to execution. The southern provinces are not yet subdued; 10,000 Indians have not yet driven the rebels to the sea. Washington has still an army. The French have not quarreled with the congress, and the 7000 regulators of North Carolina have not yet declared for government. But be not discouraged; the same tale will serve another year, *Decies repetita placebit*; or your inventions will readily supply new information to keep up the ball. Any thing will pass on the credulity of a people who could believe that a man might jump into a quart bottle. In every way we shall be gainers.

“ By a continuance of the war we shall at least prolong our pensions; but, should the rebels be subdued, what rewards will await us! some of you will be made governors, others chief justices, and the least of the clergy, deans, “ pre-

“ prebends and archdeacons in America. As to
 “ myself, I have been already promised—but you
 “ know my humility—I have already bought some
 “ wigs for the purpose, and the episcopal appa-
 “ ratus of a late deceased prelate. Adzooks!
 “ how my old New-England acquaintance will
 “ admire my lawn sleeves. Well, well! they will
 “ say, he left our meeting, and turned his coat
 “ for a good purpose. Who would have thought
 “ it? but he was always a sly one. Many a whiff
 “ of good *Cuopen Tobacco* have we had together
 “ over a tankard of rum and cyder. But mum!
 “ I’m carried beyond myself with the bare pros-
 “ pect.”

Methink already I look big
 With pomkin-pye, and fat tithe pig:
 —Quick may our troops the rebels dishup,
 That we may have a yankee bishop;
 Then shall I—sure as any gun,
 Return a lord, like Whittington;
 —New-England’s bells shall ring that day,
 “ Hail bishop of America!”
 And all shall bow, with cap in hand, fir,
 Before right rev. yankee Ch——r.

Doodle, Doodle Doo.

The present H———E——— conversing
 with the king of Prussia concerning the necessity
 of persevering in the attempt to vanquish the
 Americans, remarked that it would debase the
 majesty of Great-Britain to check the progress of
 her arms until she had brought the colonies at
 her feet. Perhaps so (answered the discerning
 Frederick) but a power may break its own neck by
 endea-

endeavouring to bend the *knee* of an opponent; and when my brother G—— has attended his battles beyond the cabinet, and *personally* fought them half so often as I have fought mine, he will consider peace as the first and last blessing of his heart.

In the year 1727, in a debate in the house of lords respecting the propriety of a war with France and Spain, the late Earl Bathurst said—“What can we get by war if it be successful? I will say it in one word—*Nothing*. What can we lose if it be unprosperous? I will say it in a syllable—*All*.” We wish to ask if this be not precisely the case with regard to the American dispute, and if it is, whether it be not high time to put an end to the contest,

A Portuguese lady of quality having demanded an audience of John III. King of Portugal, obtained it though at a very late hour, and addressed his majesty in the following terms: “Sire, would you have granted your pardon to my husband if he, having caught me in adultery, had killed me?” The king having replied, that in such a case he certainly should have pardoned him, she added, “Then all is well, Sire; for having been informed that my husband was in company with another woman at one of my country houses, I went there with two of my slaves, to whom I promised their liberty, upon condition that they would assist me in my enterprize; and having broke open the door, I found them together, and slew them both with one dagger. I ask of your majesty the same pardon which you would not have refused to my husband, had
“ he

" he been convicted of the same crime." The king astonished at the manner in which she had accosted him, and at her extraordinary resolution, dismissed her with full pardon, and ordered the two victims of her resentment to be buried.

Henry III. *King of England*—The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Winchester, Salisbury, and Carlisle, being deputed by parliament, in 1253, to present to the king a spirited remonstrance against uncanonical and forced elections to vacant sees, he answered them in the following manner: " It is true, I have been somewhat
 " faulty in this matter; I obtruded you, my Lord
 " of Canterbury, upon your see: I was obliged
 " to employ both entreaties and menaces, my Lord
 " of Winchester, to get you elected, when you
 " should rather have been sent to school: my
 " proceedings were also very irregular, my Lords
 " of Salisbury and Carlisle, when I raised you from
 " the lowest stations to your present dignities. It
 " will become you, therefore my Lords, to set
 " an example of reformation, by resigning your
 " present benefices, and try to regain them in a
 " more regular manner."

Hogarth,—a little time before the auction for the sale of his celebrated paintings of *Marriage à la mode*, Hogarth declared publicly, that no picture dealer should be allowed to bid—He also called on his friends, requesting them not to appear at the sale, as his house was small, and the rooms might be overcrowded; they observed his injunctions, early in this mortifying day, he dressed himself, put on his tye-wig, strutted away one hour, fretted

away

away two more; no bidder appearing but Mr. Lane, this gentleman only dropped in by accident, but finding himself particularly observed, wrote 100*l.* and put it into the box*, the clock struck three, and Hogarth declared him to be the buyer. He would have waved his right, and some compliments passed between him and our artist on the occasion. The event is known, the frames of the pictures alone are said to have cost 80*l.* so that the painter only received 20*l.* for six of his most finished performances.

A controversy happening between the *Athenians* and the *Bœtians*, about a piece of ground situated on the confines of *Attica* and *Bœtia*, *Xanthius*, the chief of these last, made a proposal that himself and the *Athenian* king should decide it by a single combat. *Thymates*, who reigned at that time in *Athens*, declined the combat; on which he was deposed, and his successor, *Melanthus*, met the enemy at the appointed place; where as they were just about to begin the fight, *Melanthus*, seeing, or pretending he saw, just behind *Xanthius*, a person with a black goat's skin on him, cried out *treachery*, for that he had brought a *Second* with him; on which *Xanthius* turning suddenly to look behind him, *Melanthus* basely slew him. On occasion and in memory of
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* One of the conditions of sale was, that the company were to write down what they meant to offer, on bits of paper, and deposit them in a kind of ballotting box; a novelty which, perhaps either so far disgusted or puzzled the public, as to occasion the thinness of the company that attended.

which success the *Athenians* dedicated a temple, and annual festival to *Jupiter, the deceiver*.

The following is a certificate from the rector of the parish of St. Martin de Vieq. in the province of Limosin in France :

“ Leonard Chudert, labourer, a native and inhabitant of my parish, married on the 19th of January, 1745, Leonarda Dumont, widow of John Monret ; which Leonarda Dumont died the 2d of February, 1750. He then took to his second wife, on the 3d of April following, Mary Bayle, widow of Blaise Pauliet : The second wife dying the 2d of February, 1763, his third wife, whom he married on the 14th of June following, was Jane Noaillets, widow of Louis Malefond : She died the 12th of May, 1768. He then entered into the state of matrimony for the fourth time on the 6th of February, 1769, with Catharine Valade, widow of John Pradeau, Catharine left him a widower the 23d of October, 1771. On the first of July, 1773, he married Anne Barget, widow of Christopher Lajoie, and she died the 11th of January, 1777. The 27th of May following, he married again, and took for his sixth wife, Frances Belarbre, widow of Andrew Albin ; and she left him a widower the 16th of July, 1779. This man is now 58 years of age, and was married by me on the 3d of this month, (July, 1781,) to his seventh wife, Frances Lapeyre, widow of Leonard Faure.

A great man who is remarked for bestowing preferment according to his own pleasure, rather than party recommendation, lately gave a living to a gentleman who had not the least notion of receiving

ceiving so distinguished a favour. The obliged divine received the preferment with the most profound respect and gratitude, presuming, at the same time, to ask the reason of the preference given him on this occasion; because, replied the great man with a smile, "there is not an ale-house from this place to St. Gile's, where we have not got drunk together."

An anecdote of a Bank-note.—A gentleman lately sent his servant to a publican to get change for a Bank-note of 40l. The publican carried the note to a lottery-office, and received the amount of it. The other day, when, the dispute arose, and some notes were discovered to have been forged, a counterfeit note of 40l. was returned to the publican as his, and a demand to pay the money. The publican applied to the gentleman whose servant had brought the note, and the gentleman, on going to the Bank, had the satisfaction to discover what the note was which had passed through his hands, and that the mistake had been made at the lottery-office, whereby the publican became perfectly indemnified. This circumstance shews that people cannot be too careful in taking account in writing of all notes which may fall into their hands.

It is said that it is to Lord Mansfield that Dr. Blair is principally indebted too for the late mark of his Majesty's munificence. The Earl, after his house was demolished by the mob, had apartments allotted for him in the royal palace. One evening his Lordship proposed reading to her Majesty one of his countryman's sermons. It was graciously accepted; and though the world are

Insufficiently convinced of the preacher's abilities, the sermon lost nothing by being delivered from the mouth of Lord Mansfield.

The *first part* of the sessions paper, for the late commission at St. Margaret's-hill, as originally published, *began* with Lord Loughborough's speech, and ended, as is common, in the *middle* of one of the trials. The *second part* should have continued the trial, but it *did not*: and consequently rendered the first imperfect. Now this was no accidental blunder, but an intended *finesse*: for it served as a pretence for calling in the *imperfect first parts*, in order that they might be exchanged for *perfect* ones. But—behold! in this *perfect* edition, Lord Loughborough's speech is totally suppressed, and not now to be had for love or money—except in some periodical publications, in which notwithstanding this manœuvre, it will necessarily be preserved as a great curiosity.

Some time since, the will of a gentlewoman in Devonshire was forged during her life, and a probate collusively obtained; but she hearing of it applied personally to the Commons to prove herself alive: however the probate had passed, and she was informed there, that she was dead to all intents and purposes in the eye of the ecclesiastical law: nevertheless the forger was afterwards apprehended, and notwithstanding the probate, indicted, arraigned and executed.

During Sir George Rodney's late residence in Paris, so great was his indigence, that he frequently

quently knew not where to apply for a dinner; Monsieur de Sartine, no stranger to his professional abilities, thought this a proper time to wean his affections from his country, and therefore employed the Duke de Biron to make him an offer of the command of the French West-India fleet, with a sum of money that should restore him to independance.

The Duke, in consequence of this, invited Sir George to spend a month at his house, and in the course of that time frequently sounded him with great delicacy on this subject; but not being able to make him properly understand, at last openly declared to him, that as his Royal master meant the West-Indies to be the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the handsomest offers to Sir George Rodney, if he would quit the English service, and take upon him the command of a French squadron. Sir George, after hearing him with great temper, spiritedly made him this answer, Sir, my distresses it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country. but no temptation what ever, can estrange me from her service; had this been a voluntary one of your own I should have deemed it an insult. But I am glad to learn it proceeds, from a quarter that can do me no wrong. The Duke de Biron was so struck with the public virtue of the old British tar, that he instantly exclaimed, it is a pity, so gallant an officer should be lost to his country, will a thousand Louis d'ors enable you to revisit it, and to tender your services to your sovereing, the other replied they would; the Duke immediately advanced him the sum, with which Sir George set out the next day for England, where he had not arrived a

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week, before he returned the Dukes loan, accompanied with the most grateful letter, for the singular obligation he had so politely conferred upon him. This man may be trusted by his country.

At certain parish in Yorkshire, 'tis the custom for every one that can pay for a stone to have one put over the grave of their relations, with something wrote upon it. A farmers wife died, the husband immediately went to his landlord, begged he would make him an epitaph to put upon his wifes tomb-stone, the gentleman told him he would, but that he must give him a little time to consider of it. Na sa that matter please your honor, I can ill come again, bysides what argyries me giving your worship that trouble since I have yā I believe will do, here it is

Here lies my poor wife without either sheet or blanket.

Dead—dead as a trip-pit—God be thanked:

The late Lord Hawke went to sea at a very early period, being but twelve years old, and was a post captain before he was twenty-two. His mother was sister to colonel Bladen, one of the commissioners of trade and plantations, a person well known in the political world during a considerable part of the reign of George the Second, being at once very opulent, and perfectly skilled in the whole system of our trade laws, and consequently consulted by persons in power.

His uncle sent one morning for young Hawke, and said “Ned, would you like to be a sailor,” certainly, sir, replied the little hero. “Are you willing

willing to go now, or wait till you are bigger.—
This instant, sir, said young Hawke.

The morning of his departure to go abroad, his mother summoned all her fortitude, and addressed him with great calmness, or rather with a degree of pleasantry; “ adieu, Ned,” says she, I shortly expect to see you a captain,” “ a captain,” replied he—“ Madam,” I hope you will soon see me an admiral,” and instantly stepped into a coach that was waiting for him, to convey him to the inn, from whence he was to proceed to Portsmouth, (where the fleet lay) without the least apparent emotion.

Through the interest of his uncle, he soon was made post captain; and at the breaking out of the war with Spain, was appointed to a ship of the line, being then esteemed, though so very young, one of the most skilful seaman of any standing in the navy.

When Matthews and Lestock were sent into the Mediteranean in 1743. Hawke was appointed to the command of the Berwick; and distinguished himself in a very gallant manner, beating three of the enemy's ships successively out of the line, and taking the fourth, the *El Pondre*, though she was afterwards abandoned, and ordered to be burnt or destroyed. His conduct took the notice of the late king, insomuch that when a list of captains who were to be ordained to the flag, was delivered to the king by the first commissioner of the admiralty, his majesty, who preferred merit to mere military etiquette, seemed disappointed not to behold the name of his favorite captain in the list, and said there should be no promotions of captains if Hawke was not included. In fine,
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the promotions was extended so as to take in Mr. Hawke, and the king ever after called him his admiral.

The first or second time he went out as admiral, was in the year 1747, when he was sent to cruise in the Bay, in order to intercept a squadron of French men of war, with a valuable convoy, here he carried his speculative opinions into practice; for instead of forming a regular line, he threw out a signal for a general chase, and to engage as fast as the ships came up; the consequence of which was after an obstinate engagement he captured seven French men of war of the line, and the eighth only escaped under favour of the darkness of the night and that in a most shattered condition.

This victory gave birth to a well known circumstance, in his dispatch to the admiralty board, he informed the lords commissioners, that the French ships being large, took a great deal of drubbing." When Lord Chesterfield, then secretary of state, read the dispatch to his majesty, his majesty wished to know what drubbing meant: he presumed it was some technical phrase peculiar to the profession. At this instant the late duke of Bedford came into the closet, when Chesterfield wittily replied, "I do not know, sir; but here is his grace of Bedford, who is, I dare say, able to inform your majesty."—As his grace but a few weeks before, had been horse-whipped, and otherwise mal-treated, by a mob, on the race-course at Litchfield.

A gentleman belonging to the Royal Navy, who had been sometime with the fleet in different stations

ons, was ordered with another of their ships to convoy our trade ships home, a friend of his who had purchased a remarkable monkey for a favorite lady in England, being destined to continue abroad, begged his friend, the above-mentioned gentleman, who was first lieutenant of a 74 gun ship, under the command of a certain noble lord, to take charge of this monkey to his mistress, the gentleman complied, but the monkey played so many unlucky tricks, he was obliged to commit him to the care of another when they arrived at Gibraltar; once in particular he had often noticed, the ship's steward, making out the accounts for the crew; as it was only in day-books, the man frequently blotted, but unluckily for the steward, when he had put it in a book for the inspection of the captain, and had nearly finished, he was hastily called out of the store room, left his book open upon the table, not fearing any thing from it; but the monkey beholding this transaction, found his way to the store house, and began correcting the steward's accounts, blotting here and crossing out there; when the steward returned, what would have taken near a fortnight to write perfect, was marr'd by the monkey. The steward made a most heavy complaint to the honourable captain, but as the culprit could not be punished by any articles of war, *not even an error in judgment*, as it certainly could not be an error in judgment to follow the example of so *sagacious* a person as a ship's steward, therefore the monkey's master must be answerable for so tremendous an offence; accordingly he was summoned before the captain; the lieutenant being a man of family, the message was a polite one, so that he had not the least suspicion
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of what was going forward; after the first civilities ever observed by people of fashion, the captain with a severe look, and the blotted book in his hand, see here, sir, did you ever see such a damnable piece of work as this? look, sir, what can you think of it? think, says the unsuspecting lieutenant, why it's the devilishest thing ever man saw. pothooks and irons, who durst present it to your Lordship? it must be some schoolboy's scrawl. Your's, sir, yours, says the captain in a rage. Mine, sir, replied the lieutenant, the devil himself could not have made me write such stuff:—Your monkey, sir, your monkey, and then explained the matter. The lieutenant, though in a rage, could scarce refrain from laughter; on his return to the middle deck, he found the monkey dressed in his uniform, and playing a hundred different tricks; he was at first determined to sacrifice him, but respect to the lady prevailed, and he consigned him to the care of a brother officer, who was immediately returning to England. He conveyed him safe to the lady, who lives near St. James's; and we doubt not but Pug makes as good a figure, and struts the mall with his air and agreeable grimace, as the other pigtail puppies that frequent that place.

A young gentleman warmly soliciting his mistress to grant him a favour which he must not name, she replied with vivacity and spirit, "I consent, provided you grant me what I must not name; that which you neither have now, nor ever had, or can have, but which is in your power to give to me." My dear creature, says the fond lover, I agree; pray tell me what it is? "*It is,*" says she, "*the legal title of wife.*"

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The wife of a *little doctor* in the county of Lincoln, being very fond of *travellers*, a pedlar called one day, and persuaded her his was cheap goods; a silk handkerchief took her attention, which the Jew said she should have, if she would *grant him a favour*; she complied, and soon after comes in the husband. The Israelite tells the lady, if she doth not return the handkerchief, he will tell her husband that he is a cuckold: she immediately, unnoticed, puts a hot coal in the handkerchief, and puts it into his box. He went away much contented, but soon found his goods were all consumed; on which he returned, much enraged, but received no redress, as the mayor said he was the aggressor.

A gentleman afflicted with a paralytic complaint, being ordered down to a certain bathing place in the western part of England, applied to a certain physician there for advice, and for a course of upwards of 14 days regularly attended the doctor; and the gentleman's niece who went with him, always took the fee out of the uncle's pocket, and paid it to the doctor. One morning, however, the gentleman came without the niece, and after taking the doctor's advice, made an apology for not giving him his fee then, as he was come without his niece. "O! that's of no consequence (says this conscientious son of Apollo) if you'll give me leave, I can tell which pocket your niece always took the fee from;" and *sans ceremonie*, but with the tacit approbation of the gentleman, had recourse to the well-known pocket, and drew out his fee, "nothing loth!!!"

A Jew

A Jew-Christian doctor, after copiously *bleeding* a certain rich patient, during a glorious long sickness, upon his last visit, creeping softly into the chamber, supposing his patient not to be awake, gently drew aside the curtain, so as not to disturb him in his slumber.—He is *dead!* said the apothecary, who stood on the other side of the bed.—He certainly *is* dead, said the doctor.—Strange to behold—added the apothecary—a guinea fast clenched between his thumb and finger.—Not at all strange, rejoined the doctor—please to give it to me—it is the *fee* which he took care to have in readiness against my coming.

A lesson of prudence to princes in the exercise of their generosity.—A man who had the address to throw grains of millet through a hollow tube to a very great distance, was presented at the court of Alexander the Great, a monarch remarkable for generosity; and soliciting a reward, Alexander immediately replied, most undoubtedly: “*I will give you a bushel of millet, that you may never want materials for so great an undertaking.*”

Wanted immediately.—A bit of good news. Whoever has it in his power to furnish the article required is requested to bring it, with all possible expedition to the house at the top of St. James’s Park.—N. B. It must be very *fresh*, and *sweet*; and if of a quality to *keep any time*, a handsome price will be given for it. It will not signify by what wind it comes.

When a certain king first came over to take possession of the British throne, as he came through
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the city the bells of the several churches were set a ringing; the monarch enquired of one of his attendants, who rode in the carriage with him, the reason of it; the person applied to an Englishman, who returned for answer it was on account of his majesty's accession—"Are then, says the sovereign, the people so glad to have got rid of their late prince?" The other rejoined, "far from it, but that it was the common mode of compliment."—"Why then, says the king, I may expect to be rung out, and my successor introduced with equal signs of joy, noise and tumult."

The late king was fond of peaches stewed in brandy in a particular manner, which he had tasted at Lord Luxborough's house, and ever after, till his death, the old lady furnished him with a sufficient quantity to last the year round (he eating two every night.) This little present he took kindly: but one season proved fatal to fruit trees, and she could present his majesty but with half the usual quantity, desiring him to use œconomy, for they would barely serve him the year at one each night. Being thus forced by necessity to retrench, he said he would then eat two every other night; and valued himself upon having mortified himself less, than if he had yielded to her regulation of one each night; which is very naturally to be supposed, may be called a compromise between œconomy and epicurism.

George the Second was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions, and always took with him the greater part of the officers of

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his household, those that belonged to the kitchen. Once on his passage at sea, his first cook was so ill with the sea-sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his majesty's dinner; this being told to the king, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a rhenish soup that he was very fond of; he therefore ordered enquiry to be made among the assistant cooks, if any of them could make the above soup, when one named Weston, (father to the late Tom Weston the player) undertook it, and so pleased the king, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook. Soon after the king returned to England, the first cook died, which, when the king was informed of, he said, that his steward of the household always appointed his cooks, but that he would name one for himself, and therefore asked if one Weston was still in the kitchen; being answered that he was, that man, said he, shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent rhenish soup. This favour of the king's begot envy towards him among all his servants, so that when any dish was found fault with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing: the king took notice of this, and said to the servants, that it was very extraordinary, that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's dressing: therefore, said he, in future, let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it; in consequence of this, the king found out their villainy, for in future all Weston's pleased him most. This custom has continued ever since, and is now practised at the king's table.

The summer that his majesty did not spend at Hanover, was passed away at Kensington; during his residence there, all well-dressed persons were admitted to walk in the gardens, which the king frequented very much. It is supposed, that in his perambulations, he had met with some people he did not like, and had said something in hearing of his servants about it, for a report was spread in the palace, that his majesty could wish not to be met with in his walks by any body. One morning, a page and his wife were taking the air, they saw the king coming towards them, and were afraid to meet him; as he was at a great distance, and no turning between them, he put his wife through the hedge, and walked gently on to meet his majesty, when he came near, the king called to him that he should approach, and then asked him why he put the woman through the hedge, and also wished to avoid him; the page answered, that he heard there was an order from his majesty, that no person should be in the same walks with him, and therefore was afraid of offending him; the king immediately replied, why should one honest man be afraid to meet another?

One Dick Contrast lately retiring from business with an easy fortune, which he partly made by trade and partly by two advantageous marriages. During the time of his being a shopkeeper, he was remarkably parsimonious, scarcely allowing himself necessaries, much less the conveniences of life; and though both his wives brought him very pretty fortunes, he would not suffer them to make an appearance, in point of dress, beyond

the line of a housemaid, being in possession of about twenty thousand pounds, and having met with a few losses in trade latterly, which gave him a disgust to his counter, he commenced gentleman, took a genteel house in one of the streets contiguous to temple bar, hired a servant in livery, permitted his wife to wear a watch, and some of her best cloaths, though they were rather old fashioned. As to himself, he turned buck, and dressed like a leopard from top to toe, but being accustomed all his life to live in a kitchen, he could not get rid of his partiality for the catacombs, and though his parlour and first floor were elegantly furnished, he never entered them, the window shutters were accordingly constantly shut, and he smoked his pipe by the kitchen fire-side, which he said was the most comfortable part of the house, as he could have his beef steak hot, and hot, and dress it himself.

But these are the least singular traits in his character, Dick is very fond of riding and he frequently takes a Hackney coach for the day; but considering it unwholesome to be confined within-side the vehicle, he constantly mounts the top, in which station he may be frequently seen in the environs of the metropolis with a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, it is seldom discharged from, except it be to administer a large quid of tobacco, that always supplies its place, Dick sometime since purchased a very good hunter, and proposed, as he said, taking to the sport; but not having crossed a horse for several years, he is fearfull to be thrown, and reading the frequent accidents that happen by riding vicious and unruly horses, he is resolved to sleep in whole bones

Bones; and his Hunter has never yet been mounted, except by his servant to give him an airing.

These are the outlines of Dick Contrast's character.

As an instance of the excellent manner in which the royal children are educated, we may mention one circumstance relative to their pocket money, they have all a stated sum allowed, proportioned to their age; and the queen requires them to give her an account how they dispose of it, when they receive a lecture, if a considerable portion is not bestowed in some commendable charity, that is free from ostentation. Every one chuses how he will bestow his money. One of the little ones hearing a news paper read, said to the queen, "mamma, I can't think what a prison is?" upon its being explained, and understanding that the prisoners were half starved for want, that "replied the child is very cruel for the prison is bad enough without starving. I will certainly give my charity in bread to poor prisoners;" which was accordingly ordered, thus it is, that in the minutiae of education, principles of humanity and tenderness are instilled, which are much more likely to form the mind, than the most solemn arguments and tedious reasonings.

The Princess Royal is one of the first harpsichord performers in England, she executes rapid passages with an uncommon neatness of finger. Sacchini is her favourite composer: especially in his overtures, she performs some of Mr. Bach's pieces, with the queen, for two perform on one instrument. The King, after dinner, is fond of

of having the queen or the princess play to him for half an hour; but business will not always allow him the time; for he has been known to have so much to do, that dinner after being ordered, and set on the table, has waited for him till it was cold; and at last his majesty has made no other repast than eating a plate of vegetables standing.

When the splendid folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was lately sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library for forty-four pounds; it was accompanied with an anecdote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had the book in his possession, his mother being informed it was of some value, wished to dispose of it; and being told Mr. T. Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it, and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller in this town, and enquired of him what he would give for such a book; the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. B——, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and telling her she had been mistaken in the value of the book, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her. This anecdote is recorded with the greatest satisfaction.

faction, as it does justice to the memory of a character lately conspicuous amongst us for erudition and talents.

Mr. Partrick Mac Murrough, a young Hibernian, of the county of Kilkenny, having through the interest of some friends in London, obtained an ensigncy in a marching regiment, resolved to set out immediately for the capital, in order to join his corps. Whereas our young hero being of a martial disposition, would exclaim, "by my shoul now, were ten thousand Frenchmen to attack me, I would cut all their heads off at one stroke one after another, and mak 'em run away so fast, the devil himself should never be able to overtake them, unless he were to have a mile advance.

Paddy having bought a sword, clapp'd it to his right thigh, set out from Dublin in the good ship the Molly Mogg, Captain O'Flaherty commander, and arrived safe at the head, from whence proceeded to London, and took up lodgings at the Shakspeare's Head, next door to Covent-garden Playhouse, hoping to meet with some of his old acquaintances. He called for a private room and desired 'em to bring him something for dinner. A chicken was spitted and a fry of sweetbread, so that Mr. Mac Murrough having chopt down his morsel, called for his bill and paid his reckoning, having first fulminated a volley of curses against the wine, which he swore was not fit for a christian cat to drink, and had given him the belly ach in the stomach. The landlord somewhat amazed, that poor paddy, by a fatality that attends those of his country, had committed a most egregious blunder

blunder, and filled out of the vinegar cruet, it being larger in its dimensions than usual, and the decanted wine he had brought him, remained untouched.

Mac Murrough having sent the waiter for a hackney coach, stepped into it, and ordered the coachman to drive him to Covent-garden Playhouse; the coachman, who knew very well that the Playhouse was only next door, thinking Paddy had been jeering him, or else that he had made a mistake, cries, scratching his noddle at the same time, Covent-garden House, did your Honour say? "odds blood and ouns," cries Mac Murrough in a rage, "does the fellow make fun of me? by J—s I have a mind to be breaking your pate now, you dirty damned scoundrel. The coachman having by this time smocked his sword, which was hung on the wrong side, and observing that his brogue was as neat as imported, thought fair of the opportunity, whips into his seat, applies the lash to the horses, and drives Paddy through Tottenham-court-road, into the New Road; from thence to White-chapel to Covent-garden Playhouse, and set him down safe and sound at the back door in Bow-street, that he might have no suspicion of the cheat. "Z—ds," cries Paddy, "what a plaguery long way it is from the Shakespeare's Head, where I dined, to the Playhouse;" Aye, your honour, replies the coachman, a long way indeed; and I'm sure I drove you as fast as I could too; you could not have travelled swifter in a post chaise; my poor horses you see are all in a lather. What is your fair, friend, cries Mac Murrough; five shillings, isn't please your honour, replies the coachman. Well, cries Paddy, here's half a guinea for you, and,

and come here when the play is over. Paddy marched into the Playhouse, heartily tired with his long ride, and deposited his carcase in one of the boxes. He had hardly sat there two seconds, when accidentally turning about, he perceived his old schoolfellow, Christopher O'Fanakin. Arrah now, Kit, and is it you your ownself? cries Paddy, by my shoul I am heartily glad to meet with you. Arrah now my dear friend, cries O'Fanakin, and what brought you here so late, 'tis past 9 o'clock, and the play is just over! the de'el take me now, cries Paddy, but I have travelled hither all the way from the Shakespeare's Head; a long journey truly, cries the other laughing. By my shoul now, cries Mac Murrough, you may laugh if you please now, but I set out from thence in a hackney coach at 6 o'clock, and we have been driving ever since; by Saint Patrick I have had a long journey, think what you will:—so good night to you.

William Lyon, a strolling player, who used, some years ago, to perform at Edinburgh, and who was excellent in the part of Gibby, the Highlander, gave the following instance of a surprizing memory.

One evening, over the bottle, he wagered a crown bowl of punch (a liquor of which he was very fond) that he, next morning at the rehearsal, would repeat a Daily Advertiser, from beginning to end. At the rehearsal, his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining he was drunk the night before, that he must certainly have forgot it, and rallied him severely on his boasting of his memory. Lyon pulled out the paper, and desired him to be judge, whether he did or did not win
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the wager. Notwithstanding the odd connection of the paragraphs, the number and variety of the advertisements, and the general chaos, which is the composition of any newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without any mistake.

I know this to be true, and believe the like cannot be produced in any age or nation. Lyon died at Edinburgh a few years since.

King Charles the Second.

When this Prince resided in Scotland before his restoration to the throne, he was obliged to comply with the Presbyterian discipline, which in those days was very strict. His Majesty, however, who was always of an amorous turn, indulged his passions by stealth; and at length, for want of due circumspection, was seen through a window in an indelicate situation with a country girl. The affair was made known to the elders of the Kirk, and one of their body was deputed to rebuke the royal offender, as the mildest punishment they could inflict. Charles, as natural to suppose, did not relish such an indignity, but policy induced him to comply; accordingly the elder was permitted to attend him, in discharge of his commission, which he delivered in these words.

"The elders of the Kirk have deputed me to reprimand your Majesty—for not shutting the windows." The King was so pleased herewith, that he afterwards made the facetious elder sensible of his approbation, while he wrecked his resentment on his brethren.

Anecdote of Charles II. That excellent comedy called *Sir Courtly Nice*, or, *It Cannot Be*, was written.

ten by that witty monarch to exhibit one of his courtiers on the stage, in order to conceal it from the world as his own production, he translated it into Spanish, and called it *No Sued Efer*. He gave it to Mr. Crown in manuscript, as an excellent Spanish comedy, which he had picked up abroad, recommending it to his perusal, and offered him his assistance in translating it, and bringing it forward on the stage: it was ushered into the world as Mr. Crown's, and was so generally admired, that no other comedy was played for some time. His Majesty was so mightily pleased at its success, that he avowed its being his own production to some of his favourites; and afterwards wrote Sir Courly's son of *Stop Thief*, which was introduced into it, and sung in all the fashionable companies. Charles owned that *Stop Thief* was only a paraphrase of *Mascarilles Au Voleur* in Moliere's *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, when the courtier, who was so ridiculously handled in the above comedy, heard that the king had wrote it, he exclaimed *it cannot be*, from which circumstance arose the second title.

On Sunday, May 6th 1733. Was buried at Whittlesea, Mr. John Underwood of Naffington, of whose funeral take the following account. He was brought to his grave exactly at five in the afternoon, and as soon as the burial service was over, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed over the breast a small piece of white marble with his inscription, now *omnis motior*, (I shall not all die) I. Underwood, 1733. When the grave was filled up and the turf laid down. The six gentleman who followed him to the grave, sung the last stanza of the twentieth ode of Horace

race. Every thing was carried on according to his own desire in his will. No bell was tolled, no one invited to the burial but the six before mentioned gentlemen, and no relation followed the corpse; his coffin was painted green in, a colour he was very fond of in his lifetime. He was laid in his coffin with all his wearing cloaths on, under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace, at his feet Bentley's Milton; and his right hand a small Greek testament, in his left a little edition of Horace, and Bently's Horace under his breech. The ceremony being over, the gentlemen went back to his house, where his sister had provided them a handsome cold supper; the cloth being taken away, the gentlemen sung the thirty-first ode of Horace. Drank a chearful glass, and departed about eight o'clock in the evening, after having, according to his request, received each ten guineas from his sister; they were all in coloured cloath, as he desired they might not come in black. After this direction about his funeral—He concludes his will with the following words;—Which done, I would have them take a chearful glass, and think no more of John Underwood.

THE

THE
POET'S CORNER.

E P I T A P H.

Near to this place, lies the body of the reverend
Lawrence Sterne, A. M. Died September 13th
1768, aged 53 years.

" Ab mol'iter ossa quiescant."

IF a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unfollied worth, and soul without a stain?
If mental powers could ever justly claim,
The well-won tribute of immortal fame,
Sterne was the man, who with gigantic stride,
Mowed down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what, though keenest knowledge of mankind,
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;
What did it cost him, ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd.
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
Like him despise, what 'twere a sin to hate.

Verses on a Farmers Daughter.

Let wanton bards a nymph implore,
Which they in fancy'd colours dress;
A real goddess I a dore,
For Betty, sure, is nothing less!

L

When

When Betty roasts or boils the meat,
 She does it with such charming skill,
 With more than common gout I eat,
 And never think I have my fill.
 When Betty hands the wine around,
 Her eyes to nectar change the grape;
 Its power does the heart confound,
 And lets the weaker head escape.
 Her words as soft as Zepher's blow,
 And must with all mankind prevail:
 Her breasts as white as pudding shew;
 She smiles as sweet as bottl'd ale.
 When e'er my passion I repeat,
 Or try her lovely form t'embrace,
 She does with rage my transports meet,
 And hurls the dish-clout in my face:
 No longer, Betty, frown and fight,
 Nor to your swain a kiss deny;
 But let me safely sip delight,
 And lay th' uplifted patten by.

*The NEW-YEAR'S GIFT. Presented with a pair of
 Silk Stockings to a young Lady.*

To please the fair, in courtly lays:
 The poet plays his part,
 One tenders snuff, another praise,
 A tooth-pick or a heart.
 Alike they all, to gain their end;
 Peculiar arts disclose,
 While I submissive, only send
 An humble pair of hose.
 Long may they guard from cold and harm,
 The snowy legs that wear'em.
 And kindly spread their influence warm,
 To every thing that's near them.

On

On the Death of MAJOR PEIRSON.

“ Tell me, says Cato, where you found
 “ My boy—and how he fell !—
 “ In front—and in his breast his wound !—
 “ I thank the gods—’tis well.”
 Thus the stern stoic sooth’d the grief,
 And check’d the rising groan,
 By making honour his relief,
 And common good his own.
 Yet more. the terms of vital breath
 He knew—and chance of war ;
 That youth is no where safe from death,
 And glory courts a scar.
 For yours—on these reflexions dwell,
 When you behold his urn,
 And as’ he like a Roman fell,
 Do you like Romans mourn.
 True—he was young—and brave as young—
 And generous as brave ;
 Yet ev’ry virtue could not long
 Or him or Marcus save.
 Fly to the truth—to you ’tis clear,
 What Cato wish’d to prove,
 That virtuous valour suffering here,
 Shall find its crown above.

*To the Memory of Captain COOK, who was killed,
 and devoured by Savages.*

GENIUS of science drop a friendly tear.
 ’Tis Cook invites thee to attend his bier.
 In distant realms by savages o’erpow’r’d,
 By them was butcher’d ! and by them devour’d !

His reeking body was by man consum'd,
 And in a human sepulchre entomb'd.
 No friendly hand beneath the frigid zone,
 To snatch the sacred relic of a bone;
 Those sad remains expos'd to open day,
 Till ling'ring time shall moulder them away.
 Then to oblivion be thy dust consign'd
 Wash'd by the rain, or scatter'd by the wind;
 Not so thy nobler part, thy honour'd name
 Shall live immortal in the rolls of fame.

W. D—N.

ADMIRAL PARKER'S REJECTION *of the*
 OFFER *of* KNIGHTHOOD.

WHEN ROGUES like this, the hero cries,
 To honours and employments rise,
 I court no favour, ask no place,
 For such preferment is disgrace.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The king in his wisdom (it makes me quite frantic)
 Has order'd my nephew to cross the Atlantic;
 'Twill cost me some pounds to equip him for sea,
 To purchase his linen, his wine and his tea.
 I therefore intend to dispose of by raffle
 His horses, which go well in curb or in snaffle;
 High bred, or no nephew of mine should be-
 stride'em;

So gentle, a lady or bishop may ride 'em.
 Whoe'er for two guineas should purchase a chance,
 May perhaps at my ball have the honour to dance.
 And whenever the quality hasten away,
 As they certainly will before the birth-day;

When

When my hopes of a duke and dutches are baffled,
My rule shall be then to ask those who have raffled.

Nota bene—the horse have follow'd a pack,
And are shewn by an order from me,

Bath, Jan. 4.

MOTHER MACK.

The DINNER! A CARCH.

WHICH, is the road, to a place of good cheer?
For hunger and thirst want a house that is near.

To the right, then the left, 'tis as straight as a
line;

Then this side, then that side; look sharp for the
sign;

When you come to the guide-post, you'll see the
Green-Man;

To dinner, to dinner, as fast as you can !

The C I T.

WITH bacon-face, and greas'd furr-gown,

Just on the point of sitting down,

Was heard to say by way of graze,

A glutton of the city race,

" For our dear country who'll deny;

" That sweet and glorious 'tis to die ?

" May he who cries enough, be curs't ?

" Then stuff'd and stuff'd until he burst."

The T I M E S.

WISE men suffer, good men greive,

Knaves invent, and fools believe ;

Help, O Lord ! send aid unto us,

Or fools or knaves will quite undo us.

THE

114 THE POET'S CORNER.

THE INCONSISTENT WHIG.

"TRUST not in man," the holy scripture says;
So various and uncertain are their ways;
These times pronounce the observation true,
For *Wilkes*, the *honey-suckles* turn'd to rue.

The PRIEST DECEIVED.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not fold.
At length it came into his head
To lock it in a chest
Within the chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est*.
A merry wag, whose greedy mind
Long wish'd for such a prey,
Regarded not the sacred words
That on the casket lay;
Took out the gold and blotted out
The Priest's inscript thereon;
Wrote *Resurrexit! Non est hic*,
Your God is rose and gone.

MADAN'S PRESCRIPTION;

O R,

MORE WIVES THAN ONE.

How devilish hard to a Briton it seems,
That he can't always do as he will;
Though keeping a house, and master thereof,
In his own way, he must not fill.

'Tis

'Tis true, if he likes to live there alone,
 Such his conduct, no mortal will blame;
 If a doz'n of whores at once he should keep,
 Even that will not injure his fame.
 To remedy sins, of both these degrees,
 Comes forth the immaculate Madam;
 The Scripture he holds, its truth he unfolds,
 And swears he men's hearts will much gladden.
 He says that his God will ne'er be displeas'd,
 That his creatures are anxious for bliss;
 Or wives seven hundered have at a time,
 He their conduct will ne'er think amiss.
 Our laws, they deny this thing to be right,
 And have sanction from most men of sense;
 One wife is enough for any one man,
 And will keep him quite "void of offence."

E P I G R A M.

I swore (said Louis, t'other day)
 My fleets should rule the sea,
 And reckon'd Britain must give way
 To angry Spain and me!
 Says Neptune, "I, who heard the boast,
 Swore George should rule the main;—
 You reckon'd, friend, without your host,
 So reckon o'er again!"—

PETILIUS.

E P I G R A M.

There's many a serious blundering Epitaph,
 Design'd to make one cry, but makes one laugh:
 But thine's so odd, so stupid, and so dry,
 They make the reader neither laugh nor cry.

Extens.

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The IRISH ECHO.

A DIALOGUE CATCH.

Have you heard our Vauxhall eccho?
 With his hark, his tea, and his cram,—*cram!*
 He's a blockhead to what we can show,
 Not worthy a slice of our ham,—*ham!*
 Pray, Sir! tell us where did you find him?
 Arrah! axe not my Jewell, but mind him,
 He's my countryman's son,
 And he'll shew you some fun,
 From the *Dargle* he comes, you may try him.
Haney try him.

If Irish we freely may ply him,
 St. *Partrick* to beauty,
 Has taught him his duty,
 Come then lads let us try him;
 Dear *Partrick* say! "how do you do!"
 Eccho.—"Very well dear *Jewell*! I thank you;"
 Ha, ha, ha, try again,
 "How do you do!"
 Eccho.—"Pretty well I thank *yau*!"

ADMIRAL RODNEY,

A new Song to an old tune.

Saint George, he is our patron, boys, and royal
 George our King,
 But Sir George is the hero now the muse delights
 to sing.
 For a fighting he will go, will go, will go,
 And a fighting he will go,
 Let others praise (for *nothing done*) each favourite
 partizan,
 But, for heroic enterprise, your Rodney is the man,
 For a fighting, &c.

THE POET'S CORNER. 117

The King (God bless him) forward brought his
latent worth to view,
So long obscur'd, (though *some* oppos'd) because
he was true blue,

For a fighting, &c.

The Spanish Dons he pepper'd well, Langara needs
must own,

Or funk e'm all in brine around, old Neptune's
coral throne,

For a fighting, &c.

The French West-India fleet of fops a brushing
would begin,

But Rodney handled them so rough, he brushed
e'm to the skin,

For a fighting, &c.

At St Eustatia, Dutchmen false, his just correction
mer,

With Saba and St. Martin's too, he took e'm in his
net.

For a fighting, &c.

Let Issequibo next in turn, with Demerary too,
Own Rodney's first rate fame, as well as French
Bartholemew,

For a fighting, &c.

Success to him, and those brave souls who own his
high command,

And to the British arms employed on either sea or
land,

For a fighting, they &c.

Let Royal George, and Rodney's fame, be ev'ry
Briton's boast,

And let us but unite again, then we shall rule the
roast,

For a fighting we will go, will go, will go,

For a fighting we will go.

TOAST

T O A S T S.

The hearts that sympathy unites, may Hymen join.

The fair I can love, the friend I can trust.

Sincerity in friendship and constancy in love.

May we form good wishes and enjoy them all.

Plenty of pleasure, and the pleasures of plenty.

May real merit be rewarded in the arms of virtue.

Success to our hopes and disappointment to our fears.

May the wretched this moment be happy the next.

May the joys of imagination be realized.

Our friends and favorites, and our favorite friends.

May Pallas's shield protect whom Mars crowns.

May the laurels wither on the warrior's brow, when
he betrays innocence.

May our ships spring a leak, nay founder, when
we prove false hearted.

